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FOR WHOM SHALL WE VOTE?

I.

THE REPUBLICAN ANSWER.

THIS exegesis involves the examination of parties and candidates, of recorded facts and prevailing tendencies. Keeping the past in view it interrogates the future. It invites the application of conscience and of common sense to reach a conclusion upon which depends an act—an act which no voter has a right either to leave unperformed or to perform carelessly, but which thousands will not perform at all and to which thousands more will give no more thought than is necessary to direct their steps toward the voting booths on election day.

The sixth of November is near at hand, but it cannot be said at any moment before the polls close that it is too late to discuss the obligations of the suffrage. It is hard for ardent partisans to acknowledge the significant and more or less disquieting fact that, to a multitude of their fellow countrymen, curiosity about the result is the strongest emotion connected with the electoral contest. The newspapers which have gone late to press daily for four or five months in the effort to secure the final sentences of distinguished speakers, and the distinguished speakers who have

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gone late to bed in the same cause, are not flattered by the conviction that their arguments and appeals, their allurements and denunciations, have made absolutely no impression upon hundreds of their readers and hearers beyond a gentle and pleasurable excitement; but they know the fact. To use the homely phrase, thousands are waiting in the mildly stimulating hope of seeing which way the cat is about to jump. It has been said that the purpose of a public journal should be to follow popular opinion so closely as to seem to lead it. There are journals in the United States, possibly in New York city, which are always a trifle too slow in their pursuit of this purpose, and whose columns now from day to day bear witness to the existence of a large unattached and waiting vote.

Moreover, the party that wins an election before election day is in some danger. There can be no doubt that Mr. Blaine was elected—barring the formality of casting the votes—four years ago in October. The campaign had been won, and the fact that it was subsequently lost is conclusive proof that it is never too late to avoid accidents, and therefore never too late to make converts. The capacity of a suddenly engendered current of distrust, doubt or aversion to spread itself instantaneously and universally, is a strange phenomenon. It conquers time and space like electricity, and resembles the magical intercommunication of the Orient.

The Democracy have been accustomed since the war to express a bland surprise that voters should care to peer into the dim and dusty records of the past before deciding how to act in the living present. They deprecate such a waste of time and confusion of criterions. We have nothing to do, they say, with yesterday; our business is with to-day and to-morrow. A majority of the people have seldom agreed with them on this point. In reality, the record of a party has a vital connection with practical politics, for it indicates the tendencies which are struggling for supremacy and the preferences which will surely find expression if success is achieved. History does not confirm the theory that parties vanquish their past by any swift process of reversion. A doubtful hypothesis assumes that the physical organism is renewed every seven years, but neither the structure nor the spirit ever loses its identity. As with individuals, so with the political organizations which they compose.

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The Republican party is content to stand by its record. It is not necessary for every speaker and writer to recapitulate this record on all occasions, but it is none the less an inherent part of his argument. The fervid phrase of Webster applies as perfectly to the Republican party as it ever did to the State of Massachusetts: "The world knows its history by heart, the past at least is secure." And its aspirations are worthy of its record. It has never shown a symptom of structural or spiritual decay. The splendid vigor with which it responded to the tremendous demands of an earlier period is not dead nor dying. In these piping times of peace a summons to ineffaceable glory is not an everyday occurrence, but steadfast adherence to great principles and a quiet assumption of new duties are as sure a test of vitality and of consistency as men or angels need exact. The overshadowing moral issue of to-day—employing the word moral in a narrower sense than it ought to carry, except for the purposes of argument—is the temperance question. No man of sane intelligence would think of denying that the abuse of alcohol is competent to destroy civilization. There is no sense in blinking the truth. Unhindered, that is its potentiality, and there is no better measure by which to determine the Republican party's right to control the country than its practical recognition of this fact. As fast as it was possible to embody convictions in legislation the Republican party has demonstrated its determination to throttle the destroyer. Its opponents would have been rejoiced to see it wasting its time and energy in useless rhodomontade and fanciful experiments. They have not experienced that satisfaction. But New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, Illinois and Minnesota, not to complete the list of examples, are fixed and visible milestones on the road towards that universal temperance reform on which Republicanism has frankly and wisely and courageously entered.

If the Republican past is secure, the Democratic past is not less so; but in the latter case the security is one that is negotiable neither in Heaven nor on earth. Democrats are forever betraying a frantic anxiety to escape from their record, and yet, so curiously constructed are some minds, they have never seemed to regret the exposure of the mournful truth, that they have learned not a single lesson from adversity and disgrace. After twenty-four years of fasting, and of what passed for prayer with the

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Mugwumps of 1884, they came into the promised land. The one transcendant marvel of the political situation to-day is that there should be a doubt of their remaining in possession. The mere fact that there is more than a possibility—the betting men say an even chance and other discriminating judges a hopeful prospect—of their being cast out after only three and a half years of squatter sovereignty, is in itself a stupendous arraignment of Democracy and a sound plea for Republican restoration.

There is another vital issue at stake in this election—a moral issue too, to make a wider application of the term than I gave it a moment ago. The American protective tariff is a national institution. It was born almost at the same birth with the fundamental law, and yet modern Democracy pretends that it is an upstart, and defaced by a bar-sinister at that. This is at least the pretence when such a pretence is thought prudent. But what a farce the Democrats are willing and even apparently happy to play in the eyes of the world! Fearful, spasmodic, contradictory; forever denying at home their records in Congress and in Congress their records at home; forever willing to sell a soul to make a vote; forever swallowing their own words when it is more convenient to conceal than to exploit them—like Senator Vest, with his "confidential" avowal of a "fight to death," and a "war of extermination against our protected industries," addressed of course with shrinking modesty and in the most sacred privacy to the noisy political organization which he had endowed with his patronymic—the Democrats now stand on the threshold of defeat, naked, but not ashamed. In comparison with this dark and gloomy exhibition of every detestable quality which the exigencies of party warfare are capable of evoking, the Republican record on this question is more than lucid—it is luminous. A fundamental principle of the party which defends the American system, is that the tariff must be adjusted to varying conditions. Since the campaign entered on its last month, a suspicion has gone abroad which, under the circumstances, possesses every element to convulse an Augur. Having nursed that darling surplus with the tenderest solicitude for more than three years, having fattened it for slaughter as a cannibal does his victim, having first laughed a Democratic Secretary out of the Democratic House for doubting that he was authorized to buy bonds with it, and then glorified him for loaning it free gratis to

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the banks instead, the party in power is now apparently on the verge of discovering that its own wanton and mischievous extravagance is more likely to create a deficit than leave a surplus. Alas, for "the condition that confronts us!" There doubtless is at present a surplus income beyond all reasonable expenditures, and this fact has served a most useful public purpose in enabling the Republican Senate to show that the Protective system does not imply excessive taxation. The Senate tariff bill is a thorough, discriminating and comprehensive defense of American industries, and it cuts off seventy-five millions of revenue! The legislation of the last twenty years does not afford a more striking illustration of the inherent Republican capacity for constructive statesmanship. I do not intend to enter here upon an elaboration of economic principles, nor make a formal plea for the system under which this country has arrived at the industrial eminence it triumphantly holds. The superb fact is apparent to every one who has eyes, and the inference to every one who, having eyes, has brains behind them. The argument is like the supreme argument from design, from the creature to the creator.

But there is another argument allied to this, to which the appeal has never been made strenuous enough. It is contained in the character of the vote upon which the Democratic party cheerfully relies now and at every election, from Alderman to President. Without the help of that element in society which it is the chief aim of society to eradicate; the element that casts a ballot it cannot read; the element that clings to vice from the love of it, and that finds its sharpest contrast in the self-respecting poor; the element that menaces public order and civilization the year through, and never so fearfully as when it goes to the polls; the element from which prisons, and drunkards' graves, and hell itself are forever recruited without competition—without this element of support the Democratic party would be nothing more than a reminiscence. In crises which are not political, honest men like to be found on the side of the prudent, sagacious, instructed, clean-handed majority. Why, in the name of a decent consistency, should such men make an exception when they are about to delegate the momentous responsibity of seeing that the republic takes no harm? Whatever the Democratic party may be, the Republican party is not an organized appetite, nor an organized prejudice. It is rather an organized preference for

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what is fundamentably sound and honest. It welcomes criticism and stimulation within its ranks, and thinks that it has no better guarantee of stability than the fact that men like Dr. Storrs can find no other foothold from which to operate against some details of the superstructure. It is not dismayed, moreover, when other men, not at all like Dr. Storrs, but nameless here, seek to obscure the issue and complicate the result by enrolling their dupes under a third party banner, and in defiance of such an earnest, fearless, whole-souled, upright and downright crusade for temperance as Warner Miller is making in this State, push Republican principles outside the field of their practical application, and combine with Satan to enlarge his dominions.

There is one more consideration which properly comes under the head of party comparisons and contrasts, and to which allusion ought to be made before attention is diverted to another branch of the subject. It was stated eight years ago by a great man in words which when taken as a text will never need additions or subtractions. "There is not a precinct in this vast nation," wrote General Grant in 1880, with that extraordinary force and compactness to which he gave occasional expression, and which was, perhaps, the offspring of his habitual silence, "There is not a precinct in this vast nation where a Democrat cannot cast his ballot and have it counted as cast, no matter what the predominance of the opposite party. He can proclaim his political opinions, even if he is one among thousands, without fear and without proscription on account of his opinions. There are fourteen States, and localities in some others, where Republicans have not this privilege. This is one reason why I am a Republican." There are men blind enough, or far-seeing enough —I am not averse to letting the reader make his own choice between these conditions—to proclaim that this is the era of good-feeling. A preacher is always allowed to choose his text without interference, even in frontier communities; it is only when his application becomes too careless that the six-shooters begin to get in their work. I am in no wise a preacher, but I claim benefit of clergy, so far as my text is concerned, and will leave the application to apply itself; venturing only to remark that the text is of tremendous import, and that a sermon will have to be preached from it—if not in this campaign, then in some other.

Early in the campaign the Democrats informed the country,

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with great frequency and contentment, that this was to be a campaign of intellect; but when they made the inevitable discovery that they had gone into the fight with not more than a dozen rounds of this new-fangled ammunition, they fell cheerfully to work reloading the old cartridges from their never-failing supply of ignorance and vituperation. For the most part they have confined their fire to the Republican cause and the Republican ranks, but they have taken just enough unfair shots at the Republican leader to justify a frank and faithful comparison. Moreover, it is never unprofitable, when the old antagonists are matched, to contrast their leaders. Four years ago those sanguine prophets, who would be without an occupation if a good-natured public squelched their divinations, may have felt themselves justified in announcing that they had discovered in Mr. Cleveland an administrative genius We all know that occasionally a phenomenon, youthful or otherwise, does emerge out of obscurity and take mankind captive. The odds are ten thousand to one that the apparition will turn out to be disgustingly human, but the first inclination is to give him a chance. The American people were singularly hospitable and magnanimous four years ago, for the mortal frailties of Mr. Cleveland had been pretty well established in the estimation of all but the prophets by his repeated failures to materialize in the form in which he was desired to appear by good citizens. But now it is simply amazing that the dupes will consent to be duped again. The men who guaranteed Mr. Cleveland to be a civil service reformer have been compelled to confess that he is a model spoilsman. There was never such a record of hypocritical juggling with the principles that ought to control appointments, such a stolid, unblushing, unflinching distribution of patronage where it would produce the greatest public loss and the greatest personal gain, as the record drawn from Democratic archives and up to this moment uncontradicted by the officious sponsors of this administration. In private life, the man who has broken faith deliberately and without excuse is contemptuously discarded by the friends whom he has betrayed. Other alleged virtues have nothing to do with the case. A decent self-respect makes further intercourse impossible. But the placid individuals whom the President has made most conspicuously ridiculous (with a few exceptions, which stand out like lighthouses), are all begging to be spat upon again. The political world has strange denizens!

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Furthermore, these singular performers on the Democratic trapeze assured the universe that their phenomenon without opinions or experience or instruction, the man who had never recorded a conviction on a single one of the overwhelming issues which had drenched the land in blood, would prove to be possessed of sufficient courage, firmness, penetration and zeal to overcome single-handed that "conspiracy against human rights," that "conspiracy for plunder and spoils" which answers to the name of the Democratic party; and that he would accomplish it with such a felicitous combination of grace and dexterity that the rascals would all perceive at a glance that they were blighted, and the saints that their dearest hopes were destined to fructify. Three years and a half of opportunity have gone by, and what is the result? The knaves are all falling in love with the President for the friends he has made, and his respectable associates in power regard him with an aversion which embitters their existence, and which not all of them have been able to conceal even in public. The heroic fibre has proved to be a selfish and calculating disdain. The colossal intelligence has dwindled into a perverse and obstinate vanity. The genius for administration is seen in its real proportions in corrupt and disorganized departments of government. The serene and lofty consistency of purpose and endeavor is exemplified in a splenetic and resentful reversal of policy on a question involving the national honor and interest, between two dawns.

Both candidates have taken part in the campaign. The President's participation in the effort to inflict upon the country "the most serious danger" of a second term comprises a number of stump speeches in the guise of messages to Congress; an undignified and even ludicuous somersault on the Fisheries dispute by way of beguiling the Irish vote; an authoritative encouragement of pernicious activity on the part of his partisan appointees by the detail of his official family for campaign oratory, intrigue and wire-pulling; and a summons to all office holders to stand and deliver, in the form of a contribution of $10,000 to the Democratic campaign fund in violation of the law.

General Harrison's work in the canvass has been done with quiet and impressive dignity at his own home. Day after day for nearly five months he has received with simple cordiality the

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greetings of his fellow citizens from all parts of the country. He would have been glad to restrict himself to the exercise of an unobtrusive hospitality, but his visitors have demanded to hear him speak. And so without fear or restraint he has expounded the issues of the compaign in a series of speeches which for clearness of thought and force and felicity of phrase have never been surpassed in the annals of American elections. General Harrison enjoys the distinction of not having two sets of opinions —one for private use and the other for public dissemination. He has spoken without guidance or special preparation, and, so far from committing the slightest blunder, he has not said a word which even malice could distort into an indiscretion. He has not touched a topic without illuminating it. Through every sentence has shone the light of a clear conscience, a keen intelligence and a firm conviction that honor and truth are the only authentic test and guarantee of progress. A long succession of such spontaneous and unchecked utterances, invariably making converts and never losing a single vote, would be nothing less than miraculous in the case of many candidates, but in the case of General Harrison the explanation is very simple. The speeches express the man.

I have not thought it necessary, in formulating some of the considerations which make me eager to deposit a Republican ballot on November 6th, to offer a categorical arraignment of the opposition or a categorical justification of my own party. I have framed a frank confession of faith, and others may add new articles to suit themselves. I hope, however, that loyal Republicans will find in the pages thus unconventially filled an intelligible statement of the permanent influences that have determined their political choice, and that occupy the most conspicuous place in their thoughts as the campaign draws to a close. For it is certain that no new principles of action will be discovered before the election, and those which now, after a laborious and instructive contest, are uppermost in their minds, are those which ought to be carried to the polls with personal confidence and satisfaction, and which ought still to be effective in winning recruits for the party which has rendered great services to the country and to mankind; which saved the fabric of the Union in the war, and afterwards its financial honor; which stands for a free vote, honestly counted; which will surely

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defend the national prosperity whose foundations it laid; which is American to the core; which represents the intelligence and progress of the people, and which embodies the spirit of genuine reform. A REPUBLICAN.

II.

THE DEMOCRATIC ANSWER.

IT may not be improbable that the vote of the State of New York may be determined by the ballots of those upon whom party ties sit comparatively lightly, and who, in casting their ballots, vote as much for the man who is a candidate for the august office of President as for the policies which he represents. There are so many duties which the President must perform, which are not political in the sense of being partisan, and yet which are vital to the prosperity of the country, that many good and patriotic voters are led to cast their ballot for the man who, they believe, will best perform these duties, rather than for the man who may represent policies which they prefer. To all this class of voters an appeal can confidently be made for the re-election of Mr. Cleveland. He has demonstrated his uncommon capacity for the performance of the ordinary and daily duties imposed upon the executive. It is not too much to say that no President has surpassed him in devotion, in industry, and inflexible courage. The daily routine of the administration of public affairs has never been more diligently, more honestly, or more courageously performed than under his administration. In every department of government the rule of clear common sense and unwavering fidelity to the letter of the law have dominated in the administration of public affairs. No jobberies, no private advantages, no prostitution of public office to partisan purposes, no peculations have been permitted during the past three years and a half. Simpler, less expensive, and more faithful methods have been introduced in all the branches of the public service, as far as it was possible with a hostile Senate and with so many not only incompetent, but antagonistic, subordinates kept in important offices. The enormous revenues of the government have not only been honestly but more inexpensively collected than ever before. The public expenditures have been more carefully watched, and wherever they could be reduced by a stricter economy consistent with a proper regard to the necessities of the public service, there has been this reduction. That this has not been the result of the pe-

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culiar talent or watchfulness of a single cabinet officer is demonstrated by the fact that it has occurred in every department of the public service and in almost all of the bureaus subordinate to the respective departments.

This same fidelity to duty and this same regular, constant and daily devotion has been as eminent in the conduct of our foreign affairs as in the administration of our internal affairs. Had it not been for the partisan opposition of the Senate, we would have seen a fair, honorable and reasonable adjustment of all the controversies growing out of our relations to Canada, which for so many years have annoyed and vexed us, and but for the same spirit of partisan opposition exhibited by putting on to the Chinese treaty immaterial amendments, we would have had settled by negotiation, instead of by legislation, the troublesome questions arising out of Chinese immigration. There has been no attempt at sensationalism in our foreign relations. Under the supervision of the President, and the direct control of the distinguished Secretary of State, all our negotiations have been frank, simple and sincere. This is the precise attitude which becomes a great, powerful, and free country, anxious to preserve proper relations with all the world, and to prevent, by honorable adjustment, the continuance of unnecessary and vexatious controversies.

Not only has this same domination of good sense and of fidelity to the public service been demonstrated in the ordinary routine of departmental work, and of the conduct of our foreign affairs, but also in the probably more important department of the management of our fiscal affairs. The Treasury of the United States is no longer the mere fiscal department of the government for the collection and expenditure of the public revenues, but the vast expenditures required by the late war and the inevitable incurrence of a large public debt have made this great department so related to all the financial operations of the country that it can produce at any time financial embarrassment, and it may by mere negation cause fatal stringency in the money market. During the administration of Secretaries Manning and Fairchild this department has been so managed as to make commerce stable, to prevent any panic, and to relieve from alarm when there was real cause for anticipating stringency in the money market, so that all the business interests of the country have been absolutely safe under this management.

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It is impossible to estimate the value of such an administration to such a country as ours. With interests so diversified, and with our systems as developed in the last twenty-five years, it is hardly too much to say that such an administration is of incalculable advantage to the healthy growth and the natural development of all the industries of the country. An honest, courageous, sensible and wise administration of public affairs in all the departments of the public service is the greatest good that can possibly occur to a people situated as we are. This, Mr. Cleveland has given to the country; this, his re-election will insure for four more years.

It is to the interest of all the country, in possibly equal proportions, that there shall be no sectional question. The country needs a cessation of sectionalism. Not merely that the animosities which the late war produced shall end, and the bitternesses of past memories be set aside, but that sectional questions shall be removed from politics. As every section of the country prospers, as every State in the union is contented, so the whole country prospers and the aggregate wealth increases. We ought, if it is possible, to so manage our public affairs as to have no "Southern" question, and as to eliminate from the dissensions of parties all race questions. This has almost been accomplished by Mr. Cleveland. His re-election and continuance in power for four years will put an end, during this generation, to all sectional questions, and will render the solution of the exceedingly grave problem of the duplex races capable of a wiser solution because it will be undertaken without party passion, and it will be removed from the domain of sectional hate. The mere money value of such a result is inestimable. The manufacturing sections of the North are as much interested in the peace, content and development of the Southern States as the Southern States themselves can be. Each desires a market for its respective products; and the more contented each is, and the more intimate the relations of both are, not only will the product be larger, but the means of purchase will be increased. All nobler and more patriotic motives concur with this pecuniary interest in urging upon the country such a policy as will render the solidity of the South no longer necessary, and will obliterate sectional lines. This is possible only by the re-election of Mr. Cleveland. The resolution of the Hon. Mr. Chandler in the Senate, to investigate

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the election of the Louisiana Senators; the resolution of the Hon. Mr. Spooner to investigate certain alleged violations of law in the State of Texas, and the debates and utterances of distinguished Republican Senators upon these resolutions, and the clause in the Republican platform "That the present administration and the Democratic majority in Congress owe their existence to the suppression of the ballot by criminal nullification of the Constitution and laws of the United States," are understood by the South to mean that the Republican party threatens unconstitutional and unfriendly interference by the Federal Government, to reverse the decisions given by her people at the polls, to set aside the solemn elections made by her legislatures of the Senators they desire to represent them in the Senate, and, if necessary, such other hostile measures as may seem to a non-resident majority requisite to give to the Republican party national supremacy and to maintain that party in a supremacy thus obtained.

It is no answer to this alarm of the South that these resolutions, speeches and platforms are not meant; that they are purely electioneering thunder to arouse sectional animosity in the North and bring out a fuller vote, and that when the election is over, they will be thrown aside precisely as the torches which are used in the nightly parades are; for those who are willing to play a game so false and so cruel, for the sake of political power, are capable of carrying that game to the extremity which their ambition, their avarice and their unscrupulousness may find necessary.

The bill reported by the Republican Committee of Finance to the Senate, as a substitute for the Mills bill, demonstrates that whatever may have been the objects or purposes of the Republican party heretofore, it is now intent upon the preservation of such system of taxation as shall secure prohibitory rates to such interests as combine to perpetuate its power, and that it will use the taxing power of the government, not only to reward its friends, but to punish its enemies. In the Forty-ninth Congress, a distinct proposition was made by leading Republicans on the Ways and Means Committee of the House, to the State of Louisana, that Louisiana should not be troubled by questions connected with the duty on sugar, if the Representatives from Louisiana would unite with the Republicans to organize the House and make the Ways and Means Committee a Protection Committee instead of a Democratic Committee. In the Fiftieth Congress, the Republican

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Members of the Ways and Means Committee of the House voted in committee to strike out from the Mills bill the sugar schedule, the result of which would have been, if it had carried, to restore the full duty on sugar and to prevent the reduction of the rates on sugar. When the Louisiana delegation solidly adhered, in the Democratic caucus, to the Mills bill, then the crusade on the sugar duty began, and it was discovered that the reduction of the sugar duty by fifty per cent. might be used as the means not only of saving the enormously high duties on other articles, but of actually increasing those duties. And so the Senate bill rewards its friends by the increase of numerous rates, and punishes its enemies by the reduction of the sugar duty. There are fourteen schedules in our present tariff law. Of these, the rates are increased in eleven; and these increases are, as a rule, on those articles which persons of moderate means must purchase.* For the first time in the history of American legislation, this bill proposes to reduce the revenues of the government by increasing the duties upon imported articles. That is, that the public revenues may be reduced by the increase of the private revenues obtained by legislation. I do not desire to discuss this bill in this article, for I have neither the space, nor is it within the scope of what I have been asked to do; but I desire to suggest that such a policy means continual agitation of the rates

* The rates are really increased on twelve schedules—they are apparently reduced on the schedules "chemicals," "sugar," and "earthenware and glassware;" but the provisions taxing cartons, boxes, etc., and repealing allowances for damages increase the protection offered to china, earthenware and glassware considerably more than the slight reduction in rates diminishes it. And the proposed change in the rates on sugar and molasses increases the margin of profits for the refiners of sugars. Indeed by putting molasses not exceeding fifty-six degrees saccharine strength on the free list, the importation of raw sugars may cease and the refiner then would have the whole duty on refined sugars as a margin; the revenues from imported sugar would be transferred from the Treasury to the refiner. This, of course, would remove ALL protection from Louisiana sugar, as well as sugar made from sorghum in Kansas and from beets in California.

The electoral commission declared that the certificates of the States of Louisiana, South Carolina and Florida to the Hayes electors should be counted; and thus Mr. Hayes was counted in by one vote;—the Senate bill seems to have a spite at these three States;—it strikes at Louisiana sugar, Carolina rice, and Florida fruits and sponges. As a mere specimen of the increases in rates and of discrimination against the poor—the ad valorem equivalent of the compound duties imposed on manufactures of worsted, hair of the alpaca goat, etc., valued not exceeding 30 cents, or exceeding 30 but not exceeding 40 cents, is 148 per cent.; under the present law it is 69.38 per cent., and under the Mills bill 40 per cent., while on similar manufactures valued above 80 cents the ad valorem equivalent is 69.74 in the Senate bill, 64.46 in the present law, and 40 per cent. in the Mills bill, the increase on the cheap goods over the present law being 78.62, and on the dearer goods only 5.38. *Ex pede Herculem.*

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of taxation, and that this agitation is in the highest degree detrimental to the business interests of the country. There can be no stability nor peace to our industrial interests under a prohibitory tariff. In 1846 the Walker tariff was enacted. After an experiment of eleven years, in 1857 the tariff was amended, and party lines were practically forgotten in the Senate and House in the discussion and votes upon the amended tariff bill; so much so, that an eminent Senator said that he did not believe that a single vote would be cast in the Senate on that bill from political reasons. Under the higher tariffs which preceded the Walker tariff, and under the higher tariffs which we have had for a quarter of a century, there was and has been continual agitation, and this must occur in the very nature of the case. A tariff must be arranged to suit the condition of industrial affairs at the time of its adoption. A high tariff can have no flexibility; it has no extra-territorial power; it ignores all possible inventions and improvements which lessen the cost of production; it takes no account of the inevitable changes which are produced by new inventions, by new conditions, by new and powerful combinations, and in addition, no class privileges can be made stable by legislation. The election of Mr. Harrison, and the postponement of tariff revision, mean continual and fiercer agitation. The only hope of industrial stability in America is the re-election of Mr. Cleveland and of a Congress who will revise the tariff in the spirit of the message and letter of Mr. Cleveland, who will frame a system of taxation so as to put as few obstructions in the free course of commerce, and as few burdens on industry, as the public expenditures will permit; which will render possible the gradual reduction of the public revenue, and yet the increase of domestic manufactures by the removal of duties from the crude material which the American workman must use, and the consequent increase of wages.

The pledge in the Republican platform of liberal appropriations, coupled with the promise contained in the same platform that the protective system shall be retained, and the demonstration of what is meant by that section of the platform by the Senate substitute, must require of that party, if it be successful, enormously increased public expenditures, and necessarily increased taxation. It has pledged itself that it will grant liberal appropriations for pensions, for the early rebuilding of a navy, for the construction of coast fortifications and modern ordnance and other

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improved modern means of defense, for the improvement of harbors, rivers and channels, for subsidies to shipping interests, and for free schools. These six distinct classes are capable of almost innumerable subdivisions. We expend over eighty millions for pensions. Pending pension bills could increase this expenditure to over two hundred and fifty millions annually. With our immense coast line, coast fortifications could easily swallow up the larger part of our present income; and as these fortifications would require ordnance to defend them, and soldiers to man them, the increased expenditure incidental to the erection of the fortifications would more than quadruple the present appropriation for the maintenance of the army and ordnance. And how much more than twenty-two millions a year for rivers and harbors may be considered "liberal appropriations," would be left to the log rolling of the members of Congress in whose districts these rivers and harbors happen to be. The return to power of a party of whom Mr. Blaine is the recognized and idolized leader, and whose leaders in the Senate have reported the late bill increasing taxation on eleven out of fourteen schedules, under a pledge of liberal appropriations to these objects, means an era of incalculable extravagance. As against this, the Democratic party offers the record made by Mr. Cleveland during the three and a half years of his administration, and the honest attempt of the House of Representatives to so reduce the income of the Government that there will be no surplus revenues to be squandered.

The common people of America above all things desire an honest, industrious and courageous administration, under which economy and competency characterize the collection and expenditure of the public revenues, and fidelity to duty, and thorough competency mark the administration of public affairs; their interest is in the harmonious and cordial union of all sections under an administration which makes each section feel that it is fairly, justly and equitably regarded. They want their relations with foreign powers preserved upon just and honorable grounds, and they do not desire a return of an era when private interests controlled legislation and personal greed dominated the executive departments of the Government. It is because of the clear common sense of the American voters that the Democratic party believe the re-election of Mr. Cleveland is a certainty.

WM. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

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CAMP-FIRES OF THE G. A. R.

A RECENT visit to Columbus, Ohio, September 10–14, convinces me that the young people, male and female, of the interior of our country feel an increased interest in the events of the Civil War.

I did believe, and may have so expressed myself in former years, that the interest, enthusiasm and élan would die out with one or two generations; but not so. There were present at Columbus as many ex-soldiers, their wives, children and families, as could have been assembled in 1865; as many as forty thousand ex-soldiers and sixty thousand citizens, male and female, other than the resident population (eighty thousand) of that capital city. This is not a mere guess, but a professional estimate based on numbers and measurements made on the spot. The same or similar results have been noted at Toledo, Indianapolis, Springfield and St. Paul. The people of the great Northwest, whose first centennial was in part the occasion of the recent meeting at Columbus, are more peculiarly *American* than similar crowds elsewhere, and give us one element of value in the problem of integral calculus for the "*next centennial.*"

I mingled with this crowd in halls, in great tents and on the streets—and though individuals took liberties with my hand and person not contemplated by army regulations, I will bear witness that in the four days of my stay I did not hear a coarse word, see a single drunken man, or observe any infraction of the common police regulations for crowds. I have known Columbus from boyhood, and am sure the people to-day are better and more refined than they were fifty years ago. In accomplishing this result the Civil War and the Grand Army of the Republic have been important factors; and in this paper I desire to invite public attention to one feature of the Grand Army of the Republic—its "camp-fire." The mere name suggests its object. Imagine a group of intelligent soldiers after night—the march done—supper over, and things put away for an early start—a clear sky above and a bright fire beneath, you have the perfection of human comfort, and the most perfect incentive to good fellowship. Of course

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to make the scene more perfect there must enter the element of danger, but that is now past, and the "camp-fire" of the Grand Army is a mere assemblage of comrades absolutely on an equal footing, regardless of former rank, yet subject to self-imposed discipline; the comrades may be seated round their hall or at tables, with the simplest and cheapest fare, when they sing their old war songs, tell their old war stories, or in the soldiers phrase "swap lies," and transact their business of "charity." Now at this very hour around their many camp-fires are being spun the yarns which in time will be the warp and woof of history. For mathematical accuracy, one should go to the interesting tables of statistics compiled by adjutants general, but for the living, radiant truth, commend me to the "camp-fire." My memory of camp-fires goes back to the everglades of Florida, and the days of the trappers in the Rockies and California; and people who suppose these men were rude, coarse and violent, are sadly mistaken. Roubideaux was the gentlest, least offensive man I ever saw; but if a thieving Pi-Ute tried at night to steal his picketed mule, he became a good, *i. e.*, a dead, Indian. Kit Carson always avoided danger, sometimes would go two or three days out of his course to avoid danger, but when it stared him in the face his eye was as clear as crystal, and his nerves as steady as forged steel. Carson was usually taciturn, but on occasions would "swop lies" with the most expert. F. X. Aubry was to me the most satisfactory, because with paper and pencil he could delineate the country passed over, and describe its features as to wood, water and grass, all that man and horse needed in those halcyon days. The Bents, Campbells and St. Vrain were traders of a higher type than the trappers. Of this latter class, Jim Bridger always at a camp-fire carried off the palm. One night after supper, when gathered round a real camp-fire on Bear Creek, a comrade inquired: "Jim, were you ever down at Zuni?" "No! there are no beaver thar." "But, Jim, there are some things in this world besides beaver. I was down there last winter and saw great trees with limbs and bark on, all turned into stone." "Oh!" rejoined Jim, "them's called petrifactions; come with me to the Yellowstone next summer and I will show you petrified trees a-growing, with petrified birds singing petrified songs." Now, it so happens that I have been to the Yellowstone, have seen the petrified trees

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"a-growing," but not the petrified birds or petrified songs. The geysers of the Yellowstone at intervals eject hot water supersaturated with carbonate of lime and geyserite to a height of a hundred and fifty feet. This water is carried as mist laterally by the wind two or three hundred feet, saturating growing trees, gradually converting that side to stone, while the off side has living branches. So Jim Bridger's story was not *all* a lie, only partly so. Mr. Tiffany, of Union Square, is at this moment working up the petrified trees of Zuni and of the Little Colorado into exquisite ornaments.

There is an old maxim of the lawyer, "Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus," good enough doctrine for the courts but not the "camp-fire." Does any man question the truth of Gil Blas or Don Quixote? Are not the Pickwick papers literally true? Or what American will permit a bloody Britisher to dispute the entire truth of Rip Van Winkle, or the Legend of Sleepy Hollow? As well doubt that Tam O'Shanter saw the dance of witches and had a close call with his "Maggie" at the Bridge of Ayr. The camp-fire of the Grand Army of the Republic is only a continuation of what occurred "during the war," adding wit and romance to relieve the great mental strain when each soldier realized that the next day might be his last—he did not dread death, but mangling, wounds, the hospital and captivity, were ever present to his mind, sleeping or waking. These fears and apprehensions are now far in the past, and no wonder the soldiers of 1861–5 meet again at their camp-fires to "swap lies," and should they exaggerate their own powers and deeds of valor, I know that a sweet angel will blot out the sin. In illustration I will venture to give one of a thousand instances which have occurred to me personally.

After the war was over I was stationed in St. Louis with absolute command over all the region west of the Mississippi River to the Rockies, and gave much personal attention to the protection of the parties engaged in building the Pacific railroads west from Omaha and Kansas City, the country then being infested by the most warlike tribes of Indians on the continent, the Sioux, Kiowas, Arapahos and Cheyennes, who knew that the building of these railroads would result in the destruction of the buffalo, on whose meat they subsisted, and whose hides made their lodges. It was, in fact, a continuous warfare, following the close of the great Civil War, and though Congress utterly ignored the fact, I

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had in Sheridan and Hancock, Terry and Augur, good lieutenants, and we won that war as we had previously the greater, but not more important one.

I was seated at my table at St. Louis in the office over a clothing store, corner of Washington avenue and Fourth street, absorbed in my subject, when I became conscious that a man in rough garb, with a broad brimmed hat, was addressing me—I had no sentinel or orderly. He grasped my hand familiarly, called me Uncle Billy, was delighted to see me in apparent good health, inquired about the family, and finally announced that he was "dead broke," and must raise $26.50 some how to get his trunk out of pawn, and to reach his home in Ohio. I naturally inquired what claim had he on me. Oh! of course, he was one of my boys; he had been a lieutenant in the —th Ohio Cavalry; had fought with me at Chattanooga, Knoxville, Atlanta, etc., and being a perfect stranger in St. Louis, had come to me as his "uncle." He did not remove his hat, which made me suspicious, still he gave correct date and place for every event of his regiment, from Iuka, Miss., to Raleigh, N. C. At last he tripped. "Don't you remember, General," he said, "the Grand Day at Washington when we passed the President in review, that was a glorious day——" "Yes, my good sir," said I, "I left the —th Ohio at Raleigh with Kilpatrick." With hat still on, he pondered some minutes, and then, with beaming face, "Uncle Billy, it was not *all* a lie; I confess I lied some, but I was in truth a lieutenant in the —th Ohio cavalry, and have since the war been out on the plains as a teamster, and have told the story so often that I believed it myself; the story is true up to Raleigh, but after that it is fiction. The Cheyennes jumped our train near Fort Wallace, got the mules, burned the wagons, and left me on the ground scalped and dead. The soldiers came out from the fort, took me into the hospital, where I was kindly and skillfully treated, and got well, but the scalp is gone." With that he removed his hat, bowed his head, and the "hair was gone."

This was the reason why in my presence he had not stood "hat in hand" in the presence of his superior officer as he should have done. It so happened that I had been to Fort Wallace about the time when that train was "jumped," and General A. J. Smith also happened to be near by at the time, confirmed the general fact. So that among us we raised the $26.50 to get

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his trunk out of pawn, and buy a ticket for him to his home in Ohio. I have completely forgiven him, and have never seen him since.

A somewhat similar circumstance occurred to General Zachary Taylor in 1850—then President of the United States—as told me by one of his household. General Taylor was a magnificent type of the soldier of his day and generation; had served in the Regular Army on the frontier continuously from 1808 till 1849, when he was elected President of the United States chiefly by reason of his sturdy manly qualities and his brilliant success at the battle of Buena Vista, Mexico, February 22, 1847. In this battle General Taylor with an army of 5,000 volunteers defended his position against 21,000 Mexican regulars, led in person by General Santa Anna, President and Commander-in-Chief of Mexico.

When in March, 1849, General Taylor was installed in his office of President, he was furiously assailed for place and office by his old war comrades. Among these was a citizen of Mississippi, who sent on his petition to be made postmaster of his town, professing to be a "good Whig," was indorsed by his neighbors, but rested his claims chiefly on the fact that he was in the First Mississippi at Buena Vista. He expected his appointment by return mail, but not receiving it, as is usual, he went to Washington to learn the reason why. Obtaining access to the Postmaster-General (Collamer, of Vermont), he was simply disgusted that in Washington the great and bloody battle of Buena Vista was held secondary to the Whig vote of North Carolina. So our Mississippi candidate pushed his way into the White House, and laid his claims for office before President Taylor. He described the ridge at Buena Vista projecting toward the road by which the Mexicans were approaching in solid phalanx—how the First Mississippi formed line to the front, then changed to the left to repel the attack; again changed front to the right, and last doubled column on the centre and charged, driving the bloody Mexicans off the field.

General Taylor listened with great patience, as was his habit, but when the embryo postmaster slackened in his eloquence and gave him a chance, he answered: "I used to think I was at the battle of Buena Vista myself, but since I have come to Washington, I have heard of so many things which happened down there, that I am convinced I was not there at all." My inference is that

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the self-constituted Mississippi hero never became a postmaster for Uncle Sam. And I also hear of so many things which happened at Dalton, Resacca, Marietta, Atlanta, that I am inclined to believe that the man who marched down to the sea was another fellow of the same name as myself. Nevertheless, for this very reason I believe in modern "camp-fires." They afford opportunities for wit and humor, they prick the bubbles of the boastful and stamp as genuine the pure gold of heroic action and of patient endurance. No man can, to-day, go to a camp-fire of any Grand Army Post, and successfully boast of deeds not genuine without certain exposure. Brothers reared under the same roof know and love each other well, but a day, or week, or year of war comradeship in the same company begets a knowledge of character not possible elsewhere. In peace we must accept a man on his own word. Not so in war; the truth is then revealed, as it were, by the lightning's flash. In the twinkling of an eye, we segregate the true from the false, the brave from the timid, the earnest from the doubtful.

There were then (1850) no Grand Army posts, now there are over four thousand, and the amount of good and charity done by them cannot be measured by dollars and cents. For years after the war our men wandered over the land seeking the employment they had given up to take a musket to save the union and government. Of course that crisis is now past, but a greater danger lurks—the next generation may conclude that the wise man stays at home, and leaves the fool to take the buffets and kicks of war. This danger can best be met by just such an organization as the Grand Army of the Republic, with its camp-fires of song and story, to irradiate the gloom of ordinary humdrum existence where an Auditor of the Treasury would measure a "life" as he would a bushel of spoiled oats.

All I mean by this paper is to encourage the men who "saved the Union" to be of good cheer; to meet often at camp-fires; sing their old songs; tell their stories with reasonable exaggerations, and always cultivate the comradeship begotten of war, the charity which blesses him who gives as well as him who receives, and a loyalty that ordains that the "penalty for treason is death."

W. T. SHERMAN.

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ROME, OR REASON?

A REPLY TO CARDINAL MANNING.

PART II.

"If we live thus tamely,—
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,—
Farewell nobility."

No one will deny that "the pope speaks to many people in many nations; that he treats with empires and governments," and that "neither from Canterbury nor from Constantinople such a voice goes forth."

How does the pope speak? What does he say?

He speaks against the liberty of man—against the progress of the human race. He speaks to calumniate thinkers, and to warn the faithful against the discoveries of science. He speaks for the destruction of civilization.

Who listens? Do astronomers, geologists and scientists put the hand to the ear fearing that an accent may be lost? Does France listen? Does Italy hear? Is not the Church weakest at its centre? Do those who have raised Italy from the dead, and placed her again among the great nations, pay attention? Does Great Britain care for this voice—this moan, this groan—of the Middle Ages? Do the words of Leo XIII. impress the intelligence of the Great Republic? Can anything be more absurd than for the vicar of Christ to attack a demonstration of science with a passage of Scripture, or a quotation from one of the "Fathers"?

Compare the popes with the kings and queens of England. Infinite wisdom had but little to do with the selection of these monarchs, and yet they were far better than any equal number of consecutive popes. This is faint praise, even for kings and queens, but it shows that chance succeeded in getting better rulers for England than "Infinite Wisdom" did for the Church of Rome.

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Compare the popes with the presidents of the Republic elected by the people. If Adams had murdered Washington, and Jefferson had imprisoned Adams, and if Madison had cut out Jefferson's tongue, and Monroe had assassinated Madison, and John Quincy Adams had poisoned Monroe, and General Jackson had hung Adams and his Cabinet, we might say that presidents had been as virtuous as popes. But if this had happened, the verdict of the world would be that the people are not capable of selecting their presidents.

But this voice from Rome is growing feebler day by day; so feeble that the Cardinal admits that the vicar of God, and the supernatural Church, "are being tormented by Falck laws, by Mancini laws and by Crispi laws." In other words, this representative of God, this substitute of Christ, this Church of divine origin, this supernatural institution—pervaded by the Holy Ghost—are being "tormented" by three politicians. Is it possible that this patriotic trinity is more powerful than the other?

It is claimed that if the Catholic Church "be only a human system, built up by the intellect, will and energy of men, the adversaries must prove it—that the burden is upon them."

As a general thing, institutions are natural. If this Church is supernatural, it is the one exception. The affirmative is with those who claim that it is of divine origin. So far as we know, all governments and all creeds are the work of man. No one believes that Rome was a supernatural production, and yet its beginnings were as small as those of the Catholic Church. Commencing in weakness, Rome grew, and fought, and conquered, until it was believed that the sky bent above a subjugated world. And yet all was natural. For every effect there was an efficient cause.

The Catholic asserts that all other religions have been produced by man—that Brahminism and Buddhism, the religion of Isis and Osiris, the marvelous mythologies of Greece and Rome, were the work of the human mind. From these religions Catholicism has borrowed. Long before Catholicism was born, it was believed that women had borne children whose fathers were gods. The Trinity was promulgated in Egypt centuries before the birth of Moses. Celibacy was taught by the ancient Nazarenes and Essenes, by the priests of Egypt and India, by mendicant monks, and by the piously insane of many countries

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long before the Apostles lived. The Chinese tell us that "when there were but one man and one woman upon the earth, the woman refused to sacrifice her virginity even to people the globe; and the gods, honoring her purity, granted that she should conceive beneath the gaze of her lover's eyes, and a virgin mother became the parent of humanity."

The founders of many religions have insisted that it was the duty of man to renounce the pleasures of sense, and millions before our era took the vows of chastity, poverty and obedience, and most cheerfully lived upon the labor of others.

The sacraments of baptism and confirmation are far older than the Church of Rome. The Eucharist is pagan. Long before popes began to murder each other, pagans ate cakes—the flesh of Ceres, and drank wine—the blood of Bacchus. Holy water flowed in the Ganges and Nile, priests interceded for the people, and anointed the dying.

It will not do to say that every successful religion that has taught unnatural doctrines, unnatural practices, must of necessity have been of divine origin. In most religions there has been a strange mingling of the good and bad, of the merciful and cruel, of the loving and malicious. Buddhism taught the universal brotherhood of man, insisted on the development of the mind, and this religion was propagated not by the sword, but by preaching, by persuasion, and by kindness—yet in many things it was contrary to the human will, contrary to the human passions, and contrary to good sense. Buddhism succeeded. Can we, for this reason, say that it is a supernatural religion? Is the unnatural the supernatural?

It is insisted that, while other churches have changed, the Catholic Church alone has remained the same, and that this fact demonstrates its divine origin.

Has the creed of Buddhism changed in three thousand years? Is intellectual stagnation a demonstration of divine origin? When anything refuses to grow, are we certain that the seed was planted by God? If the Catholic Church is the same to-day that it has been for many centuries, this proves that there has been no intellectual development. If men do not differ upon religious subjects, it is because they do not think.

Differentiation is the law of growth, of progress. Every church must gain or lose; it cannot remain the same; it must

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decay or grow. The fact that the Catholic Church has not grown—that it has been petrified from the first—does not establish divine origin; it simply establishes the fact that it retards the progress of man. Everything in nature changes—every atom is in motion—every star moves. Nations, institutions and individuals have youth, manhood, old age, death. This is and will be true of the Catholic Church. It was once weak—it grew stronger—it reached its climax of power—it began to decay—it never can rise again. It is confronted by the dawn of Science. In the presence of the nineteenth century it cowers.

It is not true that "All natural causes run to disintegration."

Natural causes run to integration as well as to disintegration. All growth is integration, and all growth is natural. All decay is disintegration, and all decay is natural. Nature builds and nature destroys. When the acorn grows—when the sunlight and rain fall upon it and the oak rises—so far as the oak is concerned "all natural causes" do not "run to disintegration." But there comes a time when the oak has reached its limit, and then the forces of nature run towards disintegration, and finally the old oak falls. But if the Cardinal is right—if "all natural causes run to disintegration," then every success must have been of divine origin, and nothing is natural but destruction. This is Catholic science: "All natural causes run to disintegration." What do these causes find to disintegrate? Nothing that is natural. The fact that the thing is not disintegrated shows that it was and is of supernatural origin. According to the Cardinal, the only business of nature is to disintegrate the supernatural. To prevent this, the supernatural needs the protection of the Infinite. According to this doctrine, if anything lives and grows, it does so in spite of nature. Growth, then, is not in accordance with, but in opposition to nature. Every plant is supernatural—it defeats the disintegrating influences of rain and light. The generalization of the Cardinal is half the truth. It would be equally true to say: All natural causes run to integration. But the whole truth is that growth and decay are equal.

The Cardinal asserts that "Christendom was created by the world-wide Church as we see it before our eyes at this day. Philosophers and statesmen believe it to be the work of their own

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hands; they did not make it, but they have for three hundred years been unmaking it by reformations and revolutions."

The meaning of this is that Christendom was far better three hundred years ago than now; that during these three centuries Christendom has been going towards barbarism. It means that the supernatural Church of God has been a failure for three hundred years; that it has been unable to withstand the attacks of philosophers and statesmen, and that it has been helpless in the midst of "reformations and revolutions."

What was the condition of the world three hundred years ago, the period, according to the Cardinal, in which the Church reached the height of its influence, and since which it has been unable to withstand the rising tide of reformation and the whirlwind of revolution?

In that blessed time, Philip II. was king of Spain—he with the cramped head and the monstrous jaw. Heretics were hunted like wild and poisonous beasts; the inquisition was firmly established, and priests were busy with rack and fire. With a zeal born of the hatred of man and the love of God, the Church, with every instrument of torture, touched every nerve in the human body.

In those happy days, the Duke of Alva was devastating the homes of Holland; heretics were buried alive—their tongues were torn from their mouths, their lids from their eyes; the Armada was on the sea for the destruction of the heretics of England, and the Moriscoes—a million and a half of industrious people—were being driven by sword and flame from their homes. The Jews had been expelled from Spain. This Catholic country had succeeded in driving intelligence and industry from its territory; and this had been done with a cruelty, with a ferocity, unequaled in the annals of crime. Nothing was left but ignorance, bigotry, intolerance, credulity, the Inquisition, the seven sacraments and the seven deadly sins. And yet a Cardinal of the nineteenth century, living in the land of Shakespeare, regrets the change that has been wrought by the intellectual efforts, by the discoveries, by the inventions and heroism of three hundred years.

Three hundred years ago, Charles IX., in France, son of Catherine de Medici, in the year of grace 1572—after nearly sixteen centuries of Catholic Christianity—after hundreds of vicars of Christ had sat in St. Peter's chair—after the natural passions of man had been "softened" by the creed of Rome—came the

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Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the result of a conspiracy between the Vicar of Christ, Philip II., Charles IX., and his fiendish mother. Let the Cardinal read the account of this massacre once more, and after reading it, imagine that he sees the gashed and mutilated bodies of thousands of men and women, and then let him say that he regrets the revolutions and reformations of three hundred years.

About three hundred years ago Clement VIII., Vicar of Christ, acting in God's place, substitute of the Infinite, persecuted Giordano Bruno even unto death. This great, this sublime man, was tried for heresy. He had ventured to assert the rotary motion of the earth; he had hazarded the conjecture that there were in the fields of infinite space worlds larger and more glorious than ours. For these low and groveling thoughts, for this contradiction of the word and vicar of God, this man was imprisoned for many years. But his noble spirit was not broken, and finally, in the year 1600, by the orders of the infamous Vicar, he was chained to the stake. Priests believing in the doctrine of universal forgiveness—priests who when smitten upon one cheek turned the other—carried with a kind of ferocious joy fagots to the feet of this incomparable man. These disciples of "Our Lord" were made joyous as the flames, like serpents, climbed around the body of Bruno. In a few moments the brave thinker was dead, and the priests who had burned him fell upon their knees and asked the infinite God to continue the blessed work forever in hell.

There are two things that cannot exist in the same universe—an infinite God, and a martyr.

Does the Cardinal regret that kings and emperors are not now engaged in the extermination of Protestants? Does he regret that dungeons of the Inquisition are no longer crowded with the best and bravest? Does he long for the fires of the auto da fé?

In coming to a conclusion as to the origin of the Catholic Church—in determining the truth of the claim of infallibility—we are not restricted to the physical achievements of that Church, or to the history of its propagation, or to the rapidity of its growth.

This Church has a creed; and if this Church is of divine origin—if its head is the vicar of Christ, and, as such, infallible in matters of faith and morals, this creed must be true.

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Let us start with the supposition that God exists, and that he is infinitely wise, powerful and good—and this is only a supposition. Now, if the creed is foolish, absurd and cruel, it cannot be of divine origin. We find in this creed the following:

"Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith."

It is not necessary, before all things, that he be good, honest, merciful, charitable and just. Creed is more important than conduct. The most important of all things is, that he hold the Catholic faith. There were thousands of years during which it was not necessary to hold that faith, because that faith did not exist; and yet during that time the virtues were just as important as now, just as important as they ever can be. Millions of the noblest of the human race never heard of this creed. Millions of the bravest and best have heard of it, examined, and rejected it. Millions of the most infamous have believed it, and because of their belief, or notwithstanding their belief, have murdered millions of their fellows. We know that men can be, have been, and are just as wicked with it as without it. We know that it is not necessary to believe it to be good, loving, tender, noble and self-denying. We admit that millions who have believed it have also been self-denying and heroic, and that millions, by such belief, were not prevented from torturing and destroying the helpless.

Now if all who believed it were good, and all who rejected it were bad, then there might be some propriety in saying that "whoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith." But as the experience of mankind is otherwise, the declaration becomes absurd, ignorant and cruel.

There is still another clause:

"Which faith, except every one do keep entire and inviolate, without doubt, he shall everlastingly perish."

We now have both sides of this wonderful truth: The believer will be saved, the unbeliever will be lost. We know that faith is not the child or servant of the will. We know that belief is a conclusion based upon what the mind supposes to be true. We know that it is not an act of the will. Nothing can be more absurd than to save a man because he is not intelligent enought to accept the truth, and nothing can be more infamous than to damn a man because he is intelligent enough to reject the false. It resolves itself into a question of intelligence. If

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the creed is true, then a man rejects it because he lacks intelligence. Is this a crime for which a man should everlastingly perish? If the creed is false, then a man accepts it because he lacks intelligence. In both cases the crime is exactly the same. If a man is to be damned for rejecting the truth, certainly he should not be saved for accepting the false. This one clause demonstrates that a being of infinite wisdom and goodness did not write it. It also demonstrates that it was the work of men who had neither wisdom nor a sense of justice.

What is this Catholic faith that must be held? It is this:

"That we worship one God in Trinity and Trinity in Unity, neither confounding the persons nor dividing the substance."

Why should an Infinite Being demand worship? Why should one God wish to be worshiped as three? Why should three Gods wish to be worshiped as one? Why should we pray to one God and think of three, or pray to three Gods and think of one? Can this increase the happiness of the one or of the three? Is it possible to think of one as three, or of three as one? If you think of three as one, can you think of one as none, or of none as one? When you think of three as one, what do you do with the other two? You must not "confound the persons"—they must be kept separate. When you think of one as three, how do you get the other two? You must not "divide the substance." Is it possible to write greater contradictions than these?

This creed demonstrates the human origin of the Catholic Church. Nothing could be more unjust than to punish man for unbelief—for the expression of honest thought—for having been guided by his reason—for having acted in accordance with his best judgment.

Another claim is made, to the effect "that the Catholic Church has filled the world with the true knowledge of the one true God, and that it has destroyed all idols by light instead of by fire."

The Catholic Church described the true God as a being who would inflict eternal pain on his weak and erring children; described him as a fickle, quick-tempered, unreasonable deity, whom honesty enraged, and whom flattery governed; one who loved to see fear upon its knees, ignorance with closed eyes and open mouth; one who delighted in useless self-denial, who loved to hear the sighs and sobs of suffering nuns, as they lay prostrate

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on dungeon floors; one who was delighted when the husband deserted his family and lived alone in some cave in the far wilderness, tormented by dreams and driven to insanity by prayer and penance, by fasting and faith.

According to the Catholic Church, the true God enjoyed the agonies of heretics. He loved the smell of their burning flesh; he applauded with wide palms when philosophers were flayed alive, and to him the auto da fé was a divine comedy. The shrieks of wives, the cries of babes when fathers were being burned, gave contrast, heightened the effect and filled his cup with joy. This true God did not know the shape of the earth he had made, and had forgotten the orbits of the stars. "The stream of light which descended from the beginning" was propagated by fagot to fagot, until Christendom was filled with the devouring fires of faith.

It may also be said that the Catholic Church filled the world with the true knowledge of the one true Devil. It filled the air with malicious phantoms, crowded innocent sleep with leering fiends, and gave the world to the domination of witches and wizards, spirits and spooks, goblins and ghosts, and butchered and burned thousands for the commission of impossible crimes.

It is contended that: "In this true knowledge of the Divine Nature was revealed to man their own relation to a Creator as sons to a Father."

This tender relation was revealed by the Catholics to the Pagans, the Arians, the Cathari, the Waldenses, the Albigenses, the heretics, the Jews, the Moriscoes, the Protestants—to the natives of the West Indies, of Mexico, of Peru—to philosophers, patriots and thinkers. All these victims were taught to regard the true God as a loving Father, and this lesson was taught with every instrument of torture—with brandings and burnings, with flayings and flames. The world was filled with cruelty and credulity, ignorance and intolerance, and the soil in which all these horrors grew was the true knowledge of the one true God, and the true knowledge of the one true Devil. And yet, we are compelled to say, that the one true Devil described by the Catholic Church was not as malevolent as the one true God.

Is it true that the Catholic Church overthrew idolatry? What is idolatry? What shall we say of the worship of popes—of the doctrine of the Real Presence, of divine honors paid to saints, of

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sacred vestments, of holy water, of consecrated cups and plates, of images and relics, of amulets and charms?

The Catholic Church filled the world with the spirit of idolatry. It abandoned the idea of continuity in nature, it denied the integrity of cause and effect. The government of the world was the composite result of the caprice of God, the malice of Satan, the prayers of the faithful—softened, it may be, by the charity of Chance. Yet the Cardinal asserts, without the preface of a smile, that "Demonology was overthrown by the Church, with the assistance of forces that were above nature;" and in the same breath gives birth to this enlightened statement: "Beelzebub is not divided against himself." Is a belief in Beelzebub a belief in demonology? Has the Cardinal forgotten the Council of Nice, held in the year of grace 787, that declared the worship of images to be lawful? Did that infallible Council, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, destroy idolatry?

The Cardinal takes the ground that marriage is a sacrament, and therefore indissoluble, and he also insists that celibacy is far better than marriage,—holier than a sacrament,—that marriage is not the highest state, but that "the state of virginity unto death is the highest condition of man and woman."

The highest ideal of a family is where all are equal—where love has superseded authority—where each seeks the good of all, and where none obey—where no religion can sunder hearts, and with which no church can interfere.

The real marriage is based on mutual affection—the ceremony is but the outward evidence of the inward flame. To this contract there are but two parties. The Church is an impudent intruder. Marriage is made public to the end that the real contract may be known, so that the world can see that the parties have been actuated by the highest and holiest motives that find expression in the acts of human beings. The man and woman are not joined together by God, or by the Church, or by the State. The Church and State may prescribe certain ceremonies, certain formalities—but all these are only evidence of the existence of a sacred fact in the hearts of the wedded. The indissolubility of marriage is a dogma that has filled the lives of millions with agony and tears. It has given a perpetual excuse for vice and immorality. Fear has borne children begotten by brutality. Countless women have endured the insults, indignities and cruel-

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ties of fiendish husbands, because they thought that it was the will of God. The contract of marriage is the most important that human beings can make; but no contract can be so important as to release one of the parties from the obligation of performance; and no contract, whether made between man and woman, or between them and God, after a failure of consideration caused by the wilful act of the man or woman, can hold and bind the innocent and honest.

Do the believers in indissoluble marriage treat their wives better than others? A little while ago, a woman said to a man who had raised his hand to strike her: "Do not touch me; you have no right to beat me; I am not your wife."

About a year ago a husband, whom God in his infinite wisdom had joined to a loving and patient woman in the indissoluble sacrament of marriage, becoming enraged, seized the helpless wife and tore out one of her eyes. She forgave him. A few weeks ago he deliberately repeated this frightful crime, leaving his victim totally blind. Would it not have been better if man, before the poor woman was blinded, had put asunder whom God had joined together? Thousands of husbands, who insist that marriage is indissoluble, are the beaters of wives.

The law of the Church has created neither the purity nor the peace of domestic life. Back of all churches is human affection. Back of all theologies is the love of the human heart. Back of all your priests and creeds is the adoration of the one woman by the one man, and of the one man by the one woman. Back of your faith is the fireside,—back of your folly is the family; and back of all your holy mistakes and your sacred absurdities is the love of husband and wife, of parent and child.

It is not true that neither the Greek nor the Roman world had any true conception of a home. The splendid story of Ulysses and Penelope, the parting of Hector and Andromache, demonstrate that a true conception of home existed among the Greeks. Before the establishment of Christianity, the Roman matron commanded the admiration of the then known world. She was free and noble. The Church degraded woman—made her the property of the husband, and trampled her beneath its brutal feet. The "fathers" denounced woman as a perpetual temptation, as the cause of all evil. The Church worshiped a God who had upheld polygamy, and had pronounced his curse on woman, and

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had declared that she should be the serf of the husband. This Church followed the teachings of St. Paul. It taught the uncleanness of marriage, and insisted that all children were conceived in sin. This Church pretended to have been founded by one who offered a reward in this world, and eternal joy in the next, to husbands who would forsake their wives and children and follow him. Did this tend to the elevation of woman? Did this detestable doctrine "create the purity and peace of domestic life"? Is it true that a monk is purer than a good and noble father?—that a nun is holier than a loving mother?

Is there anything deeper and stronger than a mother's love? Is there anything purer, holier than a mother holding her dimpled babe against her billowed breast?

The good man is useful, the best man is the most useful. Those who fill the nights with barren prayers and holy hunger, torture themselves for their own good and not for the benefit of others. They are earning eternal glory for themselves—they do not fast for their fellow men—their selfishness is only equalled by their foolishness. Compare the monk in his selfish cell, counting beads and saying prayers for the purpose of saving his barren soul, with a husband and father sitting by his fireside with wife and children. Compare the nun with the mother and her babe.

Celibacy is the essence of vulgarity. It tries to put a stain upon motherhood, upon marriage, upon love—that is to say, upon all that is holiest in the human heart. Take love from the world, and there is nothing left worth living for. The Church has treated this great, this sublime, this unspeakably holy passion, as though it polluted the heart. They have placed the love of God above the love of woman, above the love of man. Human love is generous and noble. The love of God is selfish, because man does not love God for God's sake, but for his own.

Yet the Cardinal asserts "that the change wrought by Christianity in the social, political and international relations of the world"—"that the root of this ethical change, private and public, is the Christian home." A moment afterwards, this prelate insists that celibacy is far better than marriage. If the world could be induced to live in accordance with the "highest state," this generation would be the last. Why were men and women created? Why did not the Catholic God commence with the sinless and sexless? The Cardinal ought to take the ground that

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to talk well is good, but that to be dumb is the highest condition; that hearing is a pleasure, but that deafness is ecstasy; and that to think, to reason, is very well, but that to be a Catholic is far better.

Why should we desire the destruction of human passions? Take passions from human beings and what is left? The great object should be not to destroy passions, but to make them obedient to the intellect. To indulge passion to the utmost is one form of intemperance—to destroy passion is another. The reasonable gratification of passion under the domination of the intellect is true wisdom and perfect virtue.

The goodness, the sympathy, the self-denial of the nun, of the monk, all come from the mother-instinct, the father-instinct—all were produced by human affection, by the love of man for woman, of woman for man. Love is a transfiguration. It ennobles, purifies and glorifies. In true marriage two hearts burst into flower. Two lives unite. They melt in music. Every moment is a melody. Love is a revelation, a creation. From love the world borrows its beauty and the heavens their glory. Justice, self-denial, charity and pity are the children of love. Lover, wife, mother, husband, father, child, home—these words shed light—they are the gems of human speech. Without love all glory fades, the noble falls from life, art dies, music loses meaning and becomes mere motions of the air, and virtue ceases to exist.

It is asserted that this life of celibacy is above and against the tendencies of human nature; and the Cardinal then asks: "Who will ascribe this to natural causes, and, if so, why did it not appear in the first four thousand years?"

If there is in a system of religion a doctrine, a dogma, or a practice against the tendencies of human nature—if this religion succeeds, then it is claimed by the Cardinal that such religion must be of divine origin. Is it "against the tendencies of human nature" for a mother to throw her child into the Ganges to please a supposed God? Yet a religion that insisted on that sacrifice succeeded, and has, to-day, more believers than the Catholic Church can boast.

Religions, like nations and individuals, have always gone along the line of least resistance. Nothing has "ascended the stream of human license by a power mightier than nature." There is no such power. There never was, there never can be, a miracle.

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We know that man is a conditioned being. We know that he is affected by a change of conditions. If he is ignorant he is superstitious: this is natural. If his brain is developed—if he perceives clearly that all things are naturally produced, he ceases to be superstitious, and becomes scientific. He is not a saint, but a savant—not a priest, but a philosopher. He does not worship—he works; he investigates; he thinks; he takes advantage, through intelligence, of the forces of nature. He is no longer the victim of appearances, the dupe of his own ignorance, and the persecutor of his fellow men.

He then knows that it is far better to love his wife and children than to love God. He then knows that the love of man for woman, of woman for man, of parent for child, of child for parent, is far better, far holier than the love of man for any phantom born of ignorance and fear.

It is illogical to take the ground that the world was cruel and ignorant and idolatrous when the Catholic Church was established, and that because the world is better now than then, the Church is of divine origin.

What was the world when science came? What was it in the days of Galileo, Copernicus and Kepler? What was it when printing was invented? What was it when the Western World was found? Would it not be much easier to prove that science is of divine origin?

Science does not persecute. It does not shed blood—it fills the world with light. *It cares nothing for heresy*; it develops the mind, and enables man to answer his own prayers.

Cardinal Manning takes the ground that Jehovah practically abandoned the children of men for four thousand years, and gave them over to every abomination. He claims that Christianity came "in the fullness of time," and it is then admitted that "what the fullness of time may mean is one of the mysteries of times and seasons, that it is not for us to know." Having declared that it is a mystery, and one that we are not to know, the Cardinal explains it: "One motive for the long delay of four thousand years is not far to seek—it gave time, full and ample, for the utmost development and consolidation of all the falsehood and evil of which the intellect and will of man are capable."

Is it possible to imagine why an infinitely good and wise being "gave time full and ample for the utmost development and con-

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solidation of falsehood and evil"? Why should an infinitely wise God desire this development and consolidation? What would be thought of a father who should refuse to teach his son and deliberately allow him to go into every possible excess, to the end that he might "develop all the falsehood and evil of which his intellect and will were capable"? If a supernatural religion is a necessity, and if without it all men simply develop and consolidate falsehood and evil, why was not a supernatural religion given to the first man? The Catholic Church, if this be true, should have been founded in the garden of Eden. Was it not cruel to drown a world just for the want of a supernatural religion—a religion that man, by no possibility, could furnish? Was there "husbandry in heaven"?

But the Cardinal contradicts himself by not only admitting, but declaring, that the world had never seen a legislation so just, so equitable, as that of Rome. Is it possible that a nation in which falsehood and evil had reached their highest development was, after all, so wise, so just and so equitable? Was not the civil law far better than the Mosaic—more philosophical, nearer just? The civil law was produced without the assistance of God. According to the Cardinal, it was produced by men in whom all the falsehood and evil of which they were capable had been developed and consolidated, while the cruel and ignorant Mosaic code came from the lips of infinite wisdom and compassion.

It is declared that the history of Rome shows what man can do without God, and I assert that the history of the Inquisition shows what man can do when assisted by a church of divine origin, presided over by the infallible vicars of God.

The fact that the early Christians not only believed incredible things, but persuaded others of their truth, is regarded by the Cardinal as a miracle. This is only another phase of the old argument that success is the test of divine origin. All supernatural religions have been founded in precisely the same way. The credulity of eighteen hundred years ago believed everything except the truth.

A religion is a growth, and is of necessity adapted in some degree to the people among whom it grows. It is shaped and molded by the general ignorance, the superstition and credulity of the age in which it lives. The key is fashioned by the lock. Every religion that has succeeded has in some way supplied the

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wants of its votaries, and has to a certain extent harmonized with their hopes, their fears, their vices, and their virtues.

If, as the Cardinal says, the religion of Christ is in absolute harmony with nature, how can it be supernatural? The Cardinal also declares that "the religion of Christ is in harmony with the reason and moral nature in all nations and all ages to this day." What becomes of the argument that Catholicism must be of divine origin because "it has ascended the stream of human license, *contra ictum fluminis*, by a power mightier than nature"? If "it is in harmony with the reason and moral nature of all nations and all ages to this day," it has gone with the stream, and not against it. If "the religion of Christ is in harmony with the reason and moral nature of all nations," then the men who have rejected it are unnatural, and these men have gone against the stream. How then can it be said that Christianity has been in changeless opposition to nature as man has marred it? To what extent has man marred it? In spite of the marring by man, we are told that the reason and moral nature of all nations in all ages to this day is in harmony with the religion of Jesus Christ.

Are we justified in saying that the Catholic Church is of divine origin because the Pagans failed to destroy it by persecution?

We will put the Cardinal's statement in form:

Paganism failed to destroy Catholicism by persecution, therefore Catholicism is of divine origin.

Let us make an application of this logic:

Paganism failed to destroy Catholicism by persecution; therefore, Catholicism is of divine origin.

Catholicism failed to destroy Protestantism by persecution; therefore, Protestantism is of divine origin.

Catholicism and Protestantism combined failed to destroy Infidelity; therefore, Infidelity is of divine origin.

Let us make another application:

Paganism did not succeed in destroying Catholicism; therefore, Paganism was a false religion.

Catholicism did not succeed in destroying Protestantism; therefore, Catholicism is a false religion.

Catholicism and Protestantism combined failed to destroy Infidelity; therefore, both Catholicism and Protestantism are false religions.

The Cardinal has another reason for believing the Catholic

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Church of divine origin. He declares that the "Canon Law is a creation of wisdom and justice to which no statutes at large or imperial pandects can bear comparison;" "that the world-wide and secular legislation of the Church was of a higher character, and that as water cannot rise above its source, the Church could not, by mere human wisdom, have corrected and perfected the imperial law, and therefore its source must have been higher than the sources of the world."

When Europe was the most ignorant, the Canon Law was supreme. As a matter of fact, the good in the Canon Law was borrowed—the bad was, for the most part, original. In my judgment, the legislation of the republic of the United States is in many respects superior to that of Rome, and yet we are greatly indebted to the Civil Law. Our legislation is superior in many particulars to that of England, and yet we are greatly indebted to the Common Law; but it never occurred to me that our Statutes at Large are divinely inspired.

If the Canon Law is, in fact, the legislation of infinite wisdom, then it should be a perfect code. Yet, the Canon Law made it a crime next to robbery and theft to take interest for money. Without the right to take interest the business of the world would, to a large extent, cease and the prosperity of mankind end. There are railways enough in the United States to make six tracks around the globe, and every mile was built with borrowed money on which interest was paid or promised. In no other way could the savings of many thousands have been brought together and a capital great enough formed to construct works of such vast and continental importance.

It was provided in this same wonderful Canon Law that a heretic could not be a witness against a Catholic. The Catholic was at liberty to rob and wrong his fellow man, provided the fellow man was not a fellow Catholic, and in a court established by the vicar of Christ, the man who had been robbed was not allowed to open his mouth. A Catholic could enter the house of an unbeliever, of a Jew, of a heretic, of a Moor, and before the eyes of the husband and father murder his wife and children, and the father could not pronounce in the hearing of a judge the name of the murderer. The world is wiser now, and the Canon Law, given to us by infinite wisdom, has been repealed by the common sense of man.

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In this divine code it was provided that to convict a cardinal bishop, seventy-two witnesses were required; a cardinal presbyter, forty-four; a cardinal deacon, twenty-four; a sub-deacon, acolyth, exorcist, reader, ostiarius, seven; and in the purgation of a bishop, twelve witnesses were invariably required; of a presbyter, seven; of a deacon, three. These laws, in my judgment, were made, not by God, but by the clergy.

So too in this cruel code it was provided that those who gave aid, favor, or counsel, to excommunicated persons, should be anathema, and that those who talked with, consulted, or sat at the same table with or gave anything in charity to the excommunicated should be anathema.

Is it possible that a being of infinite wisdom made hospitality a crime? Did he say: "Whoso giveth a cup of cold water to the excommunicated shall wear forever a garment of fire"? Were not the laws of the Romans much better? Besides all this, under the Canon Law the dead could be tried for heresy, and their estates confiscated—that is to say, their widows and orphans robbed. The most brutal part of the common law of England is that in relation to the rights of women—all of which was taken from the *Corpus Juris Canonici*, "the law that came from a higher source than man."

The only cause of absolute divorce as laid down by the pious canonists was *propter infidelitatem*, which was when one of the parties became Catholic, and would not live with the other who continued still an unbeliever. Under this divine statute, a pagan wishing to be rid of his wife had only to join the Catholic Church, provided she remained faithful to the religion of her fathers. Under this divine law, a man marrying a widow was declared to be a bigamist.

It would require volumes to point out the cruelties, absurdities and inconsistencies of the Canon Law. It has been thrown away by the world. Every civilized nation has a code of its own, and the Canon Law is of interest only to the historian, the antiquarian, and the enemy of theological government.

Under the Canon Law, people were convicted of being witches and wizards, of holding intercourse with devils. Thousands perished at the stake, having been convicted of these impossible crimes. Under the Canon Law, there was such a crime as the suspicion of heresy. A man or woman could be arrested, charged

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with being suspected, and under this Canon Law, flowing from the intellect of infinite wisdom, the presumption was in favor of guilt. The suspected had to prove themselves innocent. In all civilized courts, the presumption of innocence is the shield of the indicted, but the Canon Law took away this shield, and put in the hand of the priest the sword of presumptive guilt.

If the real pope is the vicar of Christ, the true shepherd of the sheep, this fact should be known not only to the vicar, but to the sheep. A divinely founded and guarded church ought to know its own shepherd, and yet the Catholic sheep have not always been certain who the shepherd was.

The Council of Pisa, held in 1409, deposed two popes—rivals—Gregory and Benedict—that is to say, deposed the actual vicar of Christ and the pretended. This action was taken because a council, enlightened by the Holy Ghost, could not tell the genuine from the counterfeit. The council then elected another vicar, whose authority was afterwards denied. Alexander V. died, and John XXIII. took his place; Gregory XII. insisted that he was the lawful pope; John resigned, then he was deposed, and afterwards imprisoned; then Gregory XII. resigned, and Martin V. was elected. The whole thing reads like the annals of a South American revolution.

The Council of Constance restored, as the Cardinal declares, the unity of the Church, and brought back the consolation of the Holy Ghost. Before this great council John Huss appeared and maintained his own tenets. The council declared that the Church was not bound to keep its promise with a heretic. Huss was condemned and executed on the 6th of July, 1415. His disciple, Jerome of Prague, recanted, but having relapsed, was put to death, May 30th, 1416. This cursed council shed the blood of Huss and Jerome.

The Cardinal appeals to the author of "Ecce Homo" for the purpose of showing that Christianity is above nature, and the following passages, among others, are quoted:

"Who can describe that which unites men? Who has entered into the formation of speech, which is the symbol of their union? Who can describe exhaustively the origin of civil society? He who can do these things can explain the origin of the Christian Church."

These passages should not have been quoted by the Cardinal.

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The author of these passages simply says that the origin of the Christian Church is no harder to find and describe than that which unites men—than that which has entered into the formation of speech, the symbol of their union—no harder to describe than the origin of civil society—because he says that one who can describe these can describe the other.

Certainly none of these things are above nature. We do not need the assistance of the Holy Ghost in these matters. We know that men are united by common interests, common purposes, common dangers—by race, climate, and education. It is no more wonderful that people live in families, tribes, communities and nations, than that birds, ants and bees live in flocks and swarms.

If we know anything, we know that language is natural—that it is a physical science. But if we take the ground occupied by the Cardinal, then we insist that everything that cannot be accounted for by man, is supernatural. Let me ask, by what man? What man must we take as the standard? Cosmas or Humboldt, St. Irenæus or Darwin? If everything that we cannot account for is above nature, then ignorance is the test of the supernatural. The man who is mentally honest, stops where his knowledge stops. At that point he says that he does not know. Such a man is a philosopher. Then the theologian steps forward, denounces the modesty of the philosopher as blasphemy, and proceeds to tell what is beyond the horizon of the human intellect.

Could a savage account for the telegraph, or the telephone, by natural causes? How would he account for these wonders? He would account for them precisely as the Cardinal accounts for the Catholic Church.

Belonging to no rival church, I have not the slightest interest in the primacy of Leo XIII., and yet it is to be regretted that this primacy rests upon such a narrow and insecure foundation.

The Cardinal says that "it will appear almost certain that the original Greek of St. Irenæus, *which is unfortunately lost,* contained either τὰ πρωτεία, or some inflection of πρωτεύω, which signifies primacy."

From this it appears that the primacy of the Bishop of Rome rests on some "inflection" of a Greek word—and that this supposed inflection was in a letter supposed to have been written by St. Irenæus, which has certainly been lost. Is it possible that

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the vast fabric of papal power has this, and only this, for its foundation? To this "inflection" has it come at last?

The Cardinal's case depends upon the intelligence and veracity of his witnesses. The Fathers of the Church were utterly incapable of examining a question of fact. They were all believers in the miraculous. The same is true of the Apostles. If St. John was the author of the Apocalypse, he was undoubtedly insane. If Polycarp said the things attributed to him by Catholic writers, he was certainly in the condition of his master. What is the testimony of St. John worth in the light of the following? "Cerinthus, the heretic, was in a bath-house. St. John and another Christian were about to enter. St. John cried out: 'Let us run away, lest the house fall upon us while the enemy of truth is in it.'" Is it possible that St. John thought that God would kill two eminent Christians for the purpose of getting even with one heretic?

Let us see who Polycarp was. He seems to have been a prototype of the Catholic Church, as will be seen from the following statement concerning this Father: "When any heretical doctrine was spoken in his presence he would stop his ears." After this, there can be no question of his orthodoxy. It is claimed that Polycarp was a martyr—that a spear was run through his body, and that from the wound his soul, in the shape of a bird, flew away. The history of his death is just as true as the history of his life.

Irenæus, another witness, took the ground that there was to be a millennium—a thousand years of enjoyment in which celibacy would not be the highest form of virtue. If he is called as a witness for the purpose of establishing the divine origin of the Church, and if one of his "inflections" is the basis of papal supremacy, is the Cardinal also willing to take his testimony as to the nature of the millennium?

All the Fathers were infinitely credulous. Every one of them believed, not only in the miracles said to have been wrought by Christ, by the Apostles, and by other Christians, but every one of them believed in the Pagan miracles. All of these Fathers were familiar with wonders and impossibilities. Nothing was so common with them as to work miracles, and on many occasions they not only cured diseases, not only reversed the order of nature, but succeeded in raising the dead.

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It is very hard, indeed, to prove what the Apostles said, or what the Fathers of the Church wrote. There were many centuries filled with forgeries—many generations in which the cunning hands of ecclesiastics erased, obliterated and interpolated the records of the past—during which they invented books, invented authors, and quoted from works that never existed.

The testimony of the "Fathers" is without the slightest value. They believed everything—they examined nothing. They received as a waste-basket receives. Whoever accepts their testimony will exclaim with the Cardinal: "Happily, men are not saved by logic."

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

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SOME EXPERIENCES WITH YELLOW FEVER AND ITS PREVENTION.

MAY 1st, 1862, the United States forces were in full possession of New Orleans. The Commanding General had issued his proclamation, the terms of which have become history.

On the first of June, 1862, New Orleans was re-opened as a port of entry of the United States, and became a city of large commerce from the sea, and south of Vicksburg, where the river was closed from the North.

Before the reader can comprehend the exact circumstances in regard to the yellow fever in New Orleans, which are now for the first time to be detailed at length, a succinct description of that place and its surroundings must be given:

The city lies, in its populated part, along a sharp bend of the Mississippi River, on the eastern bank, for some six or seven miles, between Chalmette to the south, where Jackson opposed the forces of the British, and Carrolton on the north. The river is shut out from the city along its whole length by an embankment which has been the growth of many years, more than a century since its settlement, called a "levee." Standing in the streets of the city, in time of high water, you look upwards to the ships in the river, borne up by the waters some thirty feet above your head. In low water the river falls some fifty fee , but still remains at the very great depth of three to five hundred feet.

No stream, sewer, conduit or other opening enters into the river from the City. At or near Carrolton, up river, cross embankments or "levees" shut out the waters from the city in time of high water, and extend over the swamps surrounding Lake Pontchartrain, which is a lake of some forty by twenty-four miles, more or less, lying west of the city, and communicating with the

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gulf with certain straits called the "Rigolets." On the south a similar but lighter levee prevents the encroachment of the Mississippi upon the city.

On the north, some three or four miles below Carondelet, a canal leads from a point about eighty rods east of the river bank to the lake, and is filled by the waters of the lake, which in times of high water are some twenty feet, more or less, below the river. That canal was built by Hon. Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, some sixteen years before the war of the Rebellion, and afforded navigation from a basin at its head to the lake, but in no way communicating with the river. Below that was the Bayou (gut) St. John, a natural water-course from a basin near the centre of the city to the lake. It had in early times been dug out and straightened, and was called the "old canal," and was navigable in an inferior degree to the new canal. Still below that was the Bayou Bienville, which also afforded water communication with the city, from Lake Pontchartrain and its branch, Lake Borgne, in the same manner as the old canal, except that it was a natural stream.

The lake was four miles, more or less, from the river; was filled by water partially freshened, coming from the gulf, and was affected more or less by the tides, but never above a couple of feet. Indeed, the waters of Lake Pontchartrain were very considerably more affected by the wind than the tide. A heavy "norther," or north wind, continued a day or more would blow the water of the lakes out through the Rigolets into the Gulf so as to lower the height of the surface in the lake a foot and a half to two feet; a strong south wind would stop the exodus of the waters and drive them back to the ordinary tide level, or perhaps six inches more.

There were no such structures as sewers, or underground drains in New Orleans. All the drains were surface water courses, or ditches, whose office it was to carry away the surface water of the city from the rains, into the bayous and canals and thence into the lake. It will be seen at once that New Orleans could be very easily kept clean from the miasmatic gases which affect other cities which are drained by sewers, and arise therefrom, because these drains or ditches being on the surface are perfectly approachable, open to the fresh air, and could be thoroughly dredged, cleaned and washed out.

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The reader must take with him two other facts: There were no cemeteries in New Orleans in the sense that they are generally understood; that is, places for the burial of corpses under ground. There were large numbers of structures above ground in which were vaults of brick, and in some cases stone, in which coffins could be placed as in an oven, with iron doors to close them, and in some cases they were bricked up.

Again, there were no vaults under ground for the deposition of excrementitious matter. That was disposed of in another form which it is not necessary to describe, but not in a cleanly manner.

The city was surrounded by swamps, except on the river side, in which there were enormous growths of vegetation yearly, which was not in any way consumed or removed, which vegetation showed itself as early as January, and, of course, in a large degree ceased its growth in the June, July and August following, and began a decay of the most rapid kind.

New Orleans itself had been built upon what might not be inaptly termed an immense raft of trees, timber and shrubbery knit together by vines and branches, weighted down and pressed together in the earlier days by the silt which came in from the river, which then overflowed its banks, the whole being bound together by the fibres of the enormous vegetable growth before spoken of.

When a building is to be built in New Orleans no foundation is laid; the surface of the ground is made smooth and level, and on that is placed a cypress plank, and on that begins the building of the brick wall of a building of more or less height.

The United States Custom House, which is a very large building of granite, inclosing acres, was built on an immense raft of live oak, floated upon this under raft upon which the city is built. It had settled down nearly six feet when the events happened that are herein narrated, and was still settling.

It has been told, and believed to be true, that in New Orleans one can drive a pile down some sixteen feet and find the usual resistance which in soft ground would be found to such forcing down of a stick of timber, but that afterwards the bottom of the pile finds itself in water, and that it may be driven to any depth without further resistance, another pile being placed upon the top of that one, and so driven indefinitely. Indeed, in endeavoring

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to stop a break of the river in the bank or levee which has been spoken of shortly above the city, it was thought advisable to sink a ship so as to fill the opening and give opportunity to build against the river, supported by the hull. The ship was put in position to sink, and it did sink until its top-gallant masts were no longer to be seen or felt, and that ship has never been seen or heard of since, except possibly by the inhabitants of the corresponding latitude and longitude on the other side of the world.

The high temperatures of summer came on soon after the landing of the troops, but at this time there was no considerable malaria from decaying vegetable matter, for everything uncovered was vigorously growing. It is true in the environs largely, and in the city itself to a smaller extent, malarial exhalations which bring on the congestive fever popularly known as "fever and ague," or the "shakes," for which the cinchona bark of Peru, in the form of quinine, is claimed to be a specific, find place in New Orleans throughout the year. The cause of it, decaying vegetable matter under specific forms, is quite universal, and entirely irradicable. This cause of the disease is everywhere in that vicinage, but of course much more active and troublesome to the health of the city in the warmer months.

Our troops soon learned that the inhabitants of New Orleans and the people of the South as well, relied with great confidence, as an element to conquer our armies, upon the coming of the yellow fever season, which was expected to make its advent and devastations from the middle of June onward and remain until frost became the eradicator. Our army was very much exposed to it. We had Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts and Wisconsin troops, and all were northern men, and the most southern were from Indiana.

The pleasing hope of this assistance to the "cause now lost" was by no means concealed from us. We were full-blooded, fresh-lipped men, as entirely unacclimated to that or kindred disease as could possibly be found. It was assumed that fright at its ravages and dread of its dire effects would be the great promoter of the dread disease, and so we were treated with the most vivid tales of its deadly ravages, its incurable hold upon northern men, and the fact that in 1853 yellow fever had so swept the city that it was impossible to bury the dead even in the oven-like brick holes which we saw, and from which we shrank,

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the city then being without any Northern troops to fill high the funeral pyres, could only get rid of its dead by cremation.

We were shown the awesome statistics, that in 1853, beginning on the 1st of August, with one hundred and six deaths by yellow fever, and one hundred and forty-two, including all diseases, the number increased daily until for the first week, ending on the 7th, there were nine hundred and nine deaths by yellow fever and one thousand one hundred and eighty-six by all diseases; that the next week showed a continued increase to one thousand two hundred and eighty-eight deaths of yellow fever, and one thousand five hundred and twenty-six of all diseases; that the next week was one of still greater fatality, the total deaths from yellow fever being one thousand three hundred and forty-six, and of all diseases one thousand five hundred and seventy-five, and that on a single day, August 22d, the deaths from yellow fever were two hundred and thirty-nine, and of all diseases, two hundred and eighty-three. Thus the month of August exhibited a grand total of five thousand one hundred and twenty-two deaths by yellow fever and seven thousand deaths of all diseases.

We were also told that these figures by no means showed the ravages of that fell disease; that there were many thousands carried away from the city sick, who died, and many thousands whose deaths were not returned for record. Indeed, it was summed up in this way: "That only the unacclimated were liable to the disease, and that must exclude the old acclimated population, which, with the slave and free colored persons embraced at least two-thirds of the summer population of New Orleans—that this would reduce the number liable to yellow fever below thirty thousand, and of that number one-fourth had died in three months.

We were the unacclimated.

This was the story told to the Commanding General. The solitary sentinel got the story of the danger in a different way, as in the early hours of night he paced his lonely beat guarding some public building, a stench arising from the dirty streets almost nauseating him; and if he asked a passer by "what is the matter that such a smell should be here," if an acclimated person he would reply, "why, what is the matter? It is always so." And thus marching his thoughts would stray home to the healthy air of his native village. Two newsboys would hang on to the lamp-posts and apparently carelessly, but purposely, call to each other in the man's

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hearing, in language like this: "Jimmy, have you heard the news?" "No; what is it?" "They have got the 'yeller' fever down in Frenchtown prime; eleven have died to-day, there, and its spreading. The Yanks will catch it awful. I shall be glad, won't you, when they either die off or run away in their ships?"

It was said that the acclimated people prayed that the fever might come. I never could quite believe that; but there are many things that render it almost probable. They appeared to me to devote themselves to a condition of perfect nastiness which must bring on yellow fever. If they prayed for the fever at all, they didn't do it aloud in their churches, because our soldiers used to go to church; yet, in the course of the liturgy the clergyman always gave out, at a certain point, that there would now be given an opportunity for silent prayer, and then the people either prayed for the yellow fever, or Jefferson Davis to come there victorious; neither of which was comforting to the Yankee worshiper, when in silent prayer.

May 10th, the streets were reeking with putrifying filth, and the smells from the decomposing matter were, to a Northern nose, unbearable. Everything had of custom been thrown into the streets that the inhabitants desired to be rid of, and lay there seething and rotting. The canals and all their tributaries, the drains, were covered with green slime so thickly that the water was not visible. In the pools were dead animals floating about, with every other description of animal decomposition.

The superintendent of streets and canals was sent for; his attention called to this condition of things, and he was asked if he could apply any remedy. He insisted that there was nothing unusual, and he didn't know of anything that could be done or why anything should be done, and he had been there a great many years.

The disease would soon be upon us. It came before the end of May in 1853, and was supposed when once there to be irradicable.

The General in command was in the very unfortunate predicament of not having a single surgeon in his army who had ever seen a case of yellow fever. He immediately applied to Washington to send him one; but to get such detail through the usual course would take, and did take, many weeks.

The General's time and attention, in addition to all other duties, were very much taken up by the multiplied and continued

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application of his officers to be allowed to resign and go home, to do which there was very great temptation, independently of a wish to avoid this awful disease, believed to be surely and steadily approaching, from which men shrunk with trembling who, with a gleeful smile, would have marched up to a cannon's mouth upon the simplest order.

New regiments were forming in all Northern States by hundreds, in which the officers who had formed a part of the "Army of the Gulf," which occupied New Orleans, and whose glories were being made the subject of song and story in the North, would, if they were at home, find instant appointment and promotion. Regimental surgeons' certificates of ill health of officers almost rained upon the General. A surgeon with his belief in the probable ravages of the yellow fever could truthfully certify that in his judgment the applicant for resignation would not live more than sixty days if he remained in that climate; and, as the officer, eager to go home and get promotion, could not be spared, the General had nothing to do but to assure him that the necessities of the service required the General to try the experiment whether he would live sixty days, and that if the officer died the General would apologize to the surgeon for doubting his medical skill.

There was one man who could not go home. He must perform the duties which devolved upon him, and those were to save his army.

The first thing to be done was to prevent the importation of the disease. Quarantine grounds were upon the river some seventy miles below the city. Just below them were the forts St. Philip and Jackson, by which Farragut had run, now occupied by our troops, which controlled the river. Who shall be placed at the quarantine to see that no contaminated vessel shall come up? No loyal man could be had with the requisite knowledge. Besides, vessels with heavy cargoes had sailed for New Orleans, some with perishable goods to be spoiled or made unsalable by forty days detention, and thousands of dollars would be given for a permit to come up. Such permit, therefore, must come from the Commanding General only, as the safety of all depended upon the steadfastness with which this safeguard against this disease was held.

A doctor was sent for who had been candidate for quarantine physician the year before, but failed of election. Men spoke

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highly of him as learned in this specialty, and an upright fearless man, though a rebel. A conversation substantially like this ensued :

"Doctor, you were candidate for quarantine physician ?"

"Yes, General."

"Did you believe yourself fully qualified for that position ?"

"I would not have sought the place otherwise. I was here in '53."

"What is the annual salary ?"

The sum was named.

"Very well ; you will not be needed except from the 1st of June to the 1st of December. If you serve you will have the salary for a year for so doing. Will you serve ?"

"I will."

"But, Doctor, you are a stranger to me, and against your country's cause. How shall the General know that you will serve faithfully ? Suppose we have this understood between us : You shall search all vessels in regard to their cleanliness and freedom from disease, and you shall report the facts as you find them to the General by telegraph. No ship shall come up without his order by telegraph. If you report the facts truly, the General shall be responsible if an infected ship is let up. If you report the facts wrongfully, and the yellow fever comes up in a vessel, for that the General will hold you responsible, and punish bad faith under that responsibility with death as soon as the facts can be found. Will you take the place ?"

"I am not afraid, General."

"It is then understood. You shall have all the assistance you desire." And but one case of yellow fever ever did come to New Orleans during that doctor's inspection, and for that not the slightest blame attached to him.

The fever may be generated, and if not generated the seeds or germs, or, as it is now fashionable to call them, the "microbes," that is, the "littlenesses" (?) of yellow fever, as I understand that word, may be preserved, carefully done up in clothing or woolens from the effects of frost, and break out, if a congenial and fructifying atmosphere is found in which the "microbes" may plant themselves.

The General had read as carefully as might be every account that had been written of the fever of 1853. He had examined

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the map carefully as to where it had broken out and in what direction it had extended its ravages. He learned that it had always broken out and raged in the worst form and most virulently, around the French market. It was assumed that some cause could be discovered for this fact. He made a personal examination of the market, and did find what appeared a most efficient cause for the disease. Indeed, no reason could be seen why the yellow fever should not remain there in permanence save when killed by frost, assuming that his theorization upon the causes for and feeding of the yellow fever was correct.

The General had never heard of the yellow fever in the East; had heard of the plague, of cholera and leprosy as terrible scourges. While this country was substantially exempt from them, why should we be cursed with the other? He had not within reach, if there are any such, any works to enlighten him upon this topic.

He knew of one, and everybody else knew of the same one, the Bible, but which he had not heard quoted as a work on diseases; in that were the books of Moses. Now, without discussing the question whether Moses was taught directly of God as to the writing of his books and his instructions to the Israelites, as wholly one side of this examination, it is certain that Moses had "all the learning of the Egyptians," which included all the learning of that time in the world, upon dealing with the diseases incident to large bodies of men gathered together in a hot climate.

The General had before read with admiration Moses careful provisions in regard to leprosy and against the plague, and also as to preserving the bodies of his people free from corruptions and unhealthiness, and enforcing them even, with the belief on the people's part that he could invoke divine power to enforce his provisions.

The General observed that while Moses seemed to take no care as to diseases which might arise from the miasma from decaying vegetable matter, and while nothing is said of that peculiar fever which we know coming to us from such matter, yet that Moses enforced the most thorough, careful and minute cleanliness in regard to all dead or decaying animal matter, of every description, of which he used very large quantities.

The altars blazed with continual fires, upon which were placed as expiation for all offences, descending even to trespass, parts

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of animals large and small, from the bullock to the turtle dove, of which the fires consumed upon the altar very small portions, and other not very large portions were devoted to the sustenance of Aaron and the sons of the priesthood. Moses, over and over and over again, requires every day that the carcass, the offal, the dung and refuse parts of all animals sacrificed be carried without the camp and there burned up, and the ashes even buried.* And the same imperative orders were given in regard to every part of the animal that was not burned on the altar or eaten as food by the children of Aaron.

And it is wonderful to observe the most stringent orders for the most unremitting care that every possible part of, or excrementitious matter from the human body should be day by day carefully buried, and every Israelite was armed with an implement for that purpose.†

Not only this, but every exhalation from a dead body of any sort was treated as "uncleanness," and whoever touched anything dead, or had any dead matter issue from himself partaking of blood, should wash himself with water, and thereafter not "come into camp till even."

So much and so great care was taken that not a microbe of putrifying flesh, and especially human flesh, should taint the pure air of Palestine, or even the wilderness.‡

So Moses had neither typhus fever, cholera nor plagues not inflicted by the Lord for punishment among the children of Israel during a forty years' march. By feeding his people substantially upon manna, a purely vegetable product, the leprosy was gradually worked out of them. That he had no diseases from decaying vegetable matter might be accounted for by the fact that while he was wandering in the wilderness there was not then, any more than there is now, any considerable vegetable growth except in the shape of trees,—nothing like the jungle of the Louisiana swamps.

Again the General had observed that in locations in our own country where "the chills and fever" were very prevalent, attacking almost every man, woman and child in the Western and

* Leviticus, Chapter 4, verses 12-20. These orders are repeated over and over again in the Book of Numbers.

† Deuteronomy, Chapter 23, verses 10, 11, 12, 13.

‡ Vide Deuteronomy and Numbers *passim*.

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Southern wilds, yet in such places there was no indigenous yellow fever, or any, save when transported there. He observed also that where there was no decaying vegetable matter, emanations from decaying animal matter, and more especially the excrementitious matter from the human body, even exhalations only when confined so as to be inhaled by living people produce typhus or "ship fever." He therefore deduced from these considerations the belief that the yellow fever would not be engendered in any locality where there was decaying vegetable matter alone, or where there was decaying animal matter alone, but that it required an atmosphere which contained the seeds of disease which cause the congestive fever, and, at the same time the seeds of disease which cause the typhoid fever; and that the causes of these two diseases thus united result in the yellow fever; or, more carefully speaking, produce an atmosphere in which fever may be propagated and flourish if once any seeds of it were introduced. He doubted, then, that an atmosphere could be so tainted with germs of typhoid fever and germs of congestive fever, as to generate yellow fever; but a single germ of yellow fever being introduced into such an atmosphere, wherein human beings are breathing and living, will cause the spread of yellow fever with an activity and intensity, as the germs which produce these two diseases more or less permeate the atmosphere.

To illustrate so that he may not be misunderstood: A gardener desires to raise mushrooms. He may make a bed of pure Savannah mold mixed with pure ox-dung, but no mushroom will spring up from any seed placed in that bed. He may make another bed of like pure mold and horse-dung, but no mushroom will spring from that bed. But let him make another bed wherein he shall mix his mold with horse and ox-dung combined, and under proper circumstances as to light and heat, the same as in each of the other cases, and from the slightest impregnation of the bed at one corner thereof, if you please, with "mushroom spawn," which is so intangible that it cannot be discerned in the mold which encases it, to be even a microbe, and twenty-four hours will gladden the gardener's eyes with a plentiful crop of mushrooms springing up all over the bed, and for weeks continuing so to do.

Why mushrooms will not flourish unless the bed is made of the two kinds of manure is not yet known. Why yellow fever will

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not flourish in an atmosphere unless these two sources of the disease, congestive and typhus fever, form a climate for it, is not known, nor has the General ever seen any statement why it will not; but he thinks he knows from experience that it will not.

What, then, was to be done? It was impossible to clean the city of rotting vegetable mold, but it was believed possible to clean the city from all deleterious emanations of animal matter.

The General, therefore, employed eleven hundred men, who were hired at a dollar a day, to be paid out of the city treasury, for the purpose of cleaning the city at once. The City Council had not then been abolished, and thereupon they passed a resolution that the General was paying the laborers too little. This was at once acceded to, and the laborers were paid a dollar and a half a day. As citizens were to foot the bills, it was thought they might fix the price.

A part of the cleansing force was sent to the French market, which dug and scraped that all over, cleaned and removed the filth and sent it down the river.

We went through every street where there was any suspicion of animal matter. We hoed out, swept out and brushed out every drain and ditch in the city, and took advantage of the rains of the early summer, which came down in drenching showers, to drive all this filth into the basins and canals. We then waited for a favorable opportunity, when a norther had blown the water out from the lake some two feet deep through the Rigolets into the Gulf, and then we put the water-works of the city pumping and running at their full capacity, while we brushed down the banks of the canals, and sent the water, with the accumulated filth, out into the lake, where it was carried by the wind miles off into the Gulf. We then waited for a south wind to blow uncontaminated salt water back into the lake and fill it up again, and then that water filled the canals. We did that twice over, until the water in the canals was as clean and clear as any body of water.

Meanwhile the most stringent orders were issued to the people of New Orleans that nothing should be thrown into the streets, open spaces or alleys; that either a box or a barrel or some such convenience should be obtained by every family occupant of a tenement, into which everything of offal, animal or vegetable, and every other waste thing should be put and exposed at the

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area gate three times every week, when mule teams would come by and take up the barrels or other receptacles and pour their contents into a cart, and if that left the barrel clean and sweet, well ; if not, a quantity of chloride of lime would be placed in it by which it might be purified.

Besides that, an order also went forth that every household should clean up its areas and back yards, to the acceptance of an inspector detailed from Headquarters, and once in ten days at least, and sometimes oftener, the yards were all inspected. And the most careful and stringent efforts were made to see that nothing of human or other animal excrementitious matter should exist in the city, except under such circumstances as would make it thoroughly harmless.

True, we had to put one man in the guard house for throwing some paper into the street, he insisting that he was to judge whether it would do any harm or not to disobey the order and throw it there; and we had also to put one fashionable lady in a carriage to take her to the jail because she refused to clean up her place, saying that "she should not clean her premises at the order of any Yankee officer;" but at the sight of the jail she changed her mind and was clean and healthy afterwards.

The result was that while we had at the quarantine station below in the river the yellow fever raging in vessels which came there, but were not permitted to come up to the city, we had but one case of yellow fever in that city, and that was the case of a man, whom the captain of his vessel had reported to the health officer had come with him from New York, when the sick man had actually been taken as a passenger at Nassau, where the yellow fever was raging. The captain went to jail for three months, and paid a fine of five hundred dollars.

We immediately took possession of the square where this man was sick, had everything thoroughly cleansed about the square, acclimated persons took charge of him and they were not allowed to come out at all until they were thoroughly cleansed. On the sixth day he died, and we took such care of his remains that the disease did not spread at all.

Nor was the absence of yellow fever the only result of this cleanliness. All diseases became very much reduced in prevalence, so that although in and around New Orleans we had a very considerable force of troops, yet with all these unacclimated men, and

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about one hundred and sixty thousand, as near as can be remembered, of population of New Orleans, the General commanding was enabled on the first of October, 1862, to report to the State Department that the city of New Orleans had a less bill of mortality than any city in the United States, north or south.

He, however, guarded New Orleans as well as possible against this and all other epidemics in other years, and it is believed the city has been substantially free from epidemic and malarious diseases since, although she is not by any manner too clean.

This preventive was made by cutting through the forest and chapparal up at the bend of the river from its bank over to Lake Pontchartrain, in making an avenue there some eighty rods wide, so that the air which blows up the river in the summer, daily, beginning about nine o'clock at night from the gulf, could have free passage across the lake, which, being a shallow body of water, would probably allow the air to move through this opening because of evaporation. In return the "norther" would sweep down the river by the city, and change the air because of its movement.

The General and his Medical Staff,—for a most competent medical officer, Dr. McCormick, sent to him by the first of July, —received perhaps too much credit for the result which was attained in the treatment of the yellow fever, or rather in its prevention in New Orleans.

After this, however, the General had a much more satisfactory experience with the yellow fever in Virginia and North Carolina in the campaign of 1864:

The city of Norfolk is situated about thirteen miles from Fortress Monroe on the Elizabeth River in Virginia. Whenever, before, the yellow fever has struck the Atlantic coast, it has by way of apparent preference paid Norfolk a visit. The most remarkable of those visits was in 1857, and will be remembered as having been very destructive of life. The North was called upon, as she ought to have been, for immense sums of money to save the city from that fell destroyer.

The General went over from Fortress Monroe to inspect Norfolk in the winter and spring of '63-'64 several times, and about the first of March active operations were begun to clean the city. Norfolk had been in armed occupation by the Confederates and by the United States since the spring of 1861. Without saying whose fault it was or intending to blame anybody for the condi-

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tion of things the General found there, it may be said, that the city was simply enormously nasty, uncared for, and full of everything that would engender disease.

There were two hundred and fifty men whom the General had found on his hands when he took the command, under sentence to hard labor by courts martial; besides he had men that were all the time deserving that sort of promotion, because it is not to be disguised that we nearly emptied our prisons into the army, and to punish offiences became an enormous duty devolving upon those who had command.

That body of men was taken and with them that transportation for which there was then no use; and for many weeks there was taken out from that small city, say, not then exceeding fifteen thousand inhabitants, an average of three thousand loads of every conceivable sort of filth a week. The city was cleaned thoroughly and after the fashion I have described in New Orleans. A portion of her streets were paved and care was taken that there should be nothing that partook of decaying animal matter left in the city.

The result was that Norfolk had not a case of yellow fever in it, nor, so far as has been generally known, has she had one since that was not brought there.

This result is rendered still more remarkable because no effective quarantine could be had at Norfolk, especially because a regular communication by steamer was had all through the hot weather of 1864, via the Dismal Swamp Canal and the Sounds, with North Carolina, and especially the city of Newbern. Supplies were sent down from Norfolk to Newbern, men went back and forth continually, and, as that communication was for military purposes, it could not be interrupted.

Newbern was then a little town of about four thousand inhabitants on the Neuse River, on a sandy pine barren soil, with no considerable vigorous vegetable growth around except along the river. The General visited it in the course of inspection in January, and saw there, then, nothing which would lead any one to suspect that city ever had or ever would have yellow fever, and therefore the General took no precaution against that disease. But in the summer yellow fever broke out in the most virulent form, and a very large portion of the inhabitants, both black and white, died of it. It was very virulent. A good many of the

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troops, for we occupied it, had the fever, and his remembrance is that nearly five out of ten of all the people and soldiers either left or were stricken with the disease. Still, a continual communication had to be kept up between Newbern and Norfolk, but the disease finding no atmosphere prepared for it at Norfolk never went there, although only a little more than a hundred miles away.

The General was curious to ascertain what caused the disease at Newbern, and went there as soon as the active duties of the campaign were over. The town had been in the occupation of both armies; the Confederates had besieged it, and we had besieged it, and both armies had occupied the outskirts, and the sinks of the two armies, open trenches filled with human excrement, had not been properly covered, but had been left entirely uncared for when the troops moved off, and the smell of the ordure and filth on a fine autumnal day was perfectly perceptible at the distance of two miles, making an atmosphere in which, if the yellow fever could be engendered from such a cause, it would be likely to be produced; and although inquiry as to that was made, he never heard of its been brought there.

The General directed those sinks to be built up, and he believes there has been no yellow fever in Newbern since.

I have been informed of another instance still more striking, and if my information is incorrect those people who are applying for a reward of a hundred thousand dollars from Congress to discover remedies for the yellow fever, may do well to investigate the case. I learned that on the Bayou La Fuorche, near the crossing of the Texas & Opelousas Railroad, some ten years ago, as near as I can remember, there was a sudden and very virulent breaking out of yellow fever. There was nothing of the kind there in 1862, although the yellow fever was at Galveston and other points of not distant neighborhood. Rendered curious by the fact, I wrote to a gentleman and asked some questions about the conditions and circumstances surrounding the place. I knew there was vegetable matter enough there to do the mischief, but I could not see where the necessary amount of decaying animal matter could come from in that little village. He wrote me, however, that there had been an accident on the railroad to a Texas cattle train by which some large number of cattle were killed and wounded. Those owning them simply stripped off their

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hides and tumbled their carcasses into the bayou, where they lay festering and putrifying under the summer sun, and the inhabitants partook of the atmosphere in which were mixed the germs of disease supplied to it by the decaying animal and vegetable matter, and thereupon came upon them this very virulent attack of epidemic yellow fever which I have reason to believe was never there before. Certainly I never heard of it.

I hope one result of this article will be to bring out the facts of this case. Indeed, I have been tempted to write it hurriedly amid very pressing professional vocation, sat this time because I desire that while public attention is called to this very terrible disease—which has one of its worst features in the fact that a man hardly knows that he has it, or that it is making any inroads upon his system, so insidious and deceitful is it, and therefore is only actually convinced of it by the belching forth of the horrible "black vomit"—it should be directed so that sanitary measures for cleanliness may be had at once, as sure prevention *wherever it can come.* DO NOT WAIT.

BENJ. F. BUTLER.

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THE FAST SET AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

UNFORTUNATELY for Harvard the excesses of certain students have fastened upon the University a reputation which, to say the least, is undesirable. Perhaps the thought that Harvard can be unfortunate in any way may not readily occur to many, but the fact that parents are known to hesitate before entering their sons at Cambridge, and in some cases decline to do so, because there is said to be so much fast life there, must of itself prejudice the future of the 'Varsity in some measure. Even prosperous Harvard cannot escape unharmed from an assault of public opinion. From time to time statements and counter-statements have appeared, on the one hand affirming the existence of a distinctly fast set at Cambridge and rebuking its wild and midnight revels; and on the other hand denying the existence of such a coterie, or, at any rate, attempting to gloss over the conduct of the accused. The college authorities themselves may be reasonably suspected of efforts in the latter direction, for it is unlikely that they can be ignorant of facts which are patent to an entire community. If they have not regarded the subject lightly, it is certain that they have adopted no heroic measures for the remedy of abuses that must ere long affect Harvard seriously.

Is there, or is there not a fast set at Harvard? If the answer is "yes," will it not apply to other American colleges as well? Or does Harvard present unusual opportunities or attractions for fast men? Questions of this sort have been asked so many times without bringing a satisfactory reply that it may be well to give to the public a fair presentation of the facts as they are, facts hitherto withheld (for excellent reasons of their own, no doubt) by the Faculty. Lest the very title of this paper should move scores of worthy persons to indignant remonstrance, it may be remarked at the outset that Harvard life, while not of itself fast, presents

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many attractions for the gay men who form a small though conspicuous part of the membership of the various classes, and who appropriate to themselves the rights and privileges of an influential set. A clear exception having thus been made, many worthy souls may cry with the first breath of morning:

"Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung!"

The Harvard Faculty, with the aid of elaborate statistics backing an exhaustive report which was founded upon a special investigation, proved, last summer, not only that an athletic student is not of necessity a poor scholar, but that numbers of the best men in college are devoted athletes. Having thus silenced the popular cry against college sports it is possible that the authorities may regard the popular conception of Harvard fast life as being considerably exaggerated, and as having no better foundation of fact than the other prejudice against college athletics.

Without doubting for a moment that the Harvard Faculty during last May and June accomplished the almost miraculous task of conducting an investigation that investigated, it is well to bear in mind the fact that the evidence necessary to demonstrate a close connection between high scholastic percentages and "nines," and "elevens," and "crews," and gymnastic training, was to be obtained with comparative ease and accuracy. After all, it could have been no very great feat to vindicate Harvard from the charge of sacrificing brain to brawn; but the Faculty would be met with a task of altogether different dimensions were they to undertake to show that the fast men of the college and the high marks of the class are on intimate terms with one another; and their task would be still more difficult were they to undertake to prove by statistics, however elaborate, and reports, however exhaustive or exhausting, that Harvard does not offer unsurpassed opportunities for young men who are bent upon a career of unhindered rapidity.

In the first place, it would be essential for the Faculty to agree upon a definition. A given number of persons may have as many notions of what constitutes a fast life as they have of the merits of the various denominational roads to heaven. One thing is certain; it would be wholly useless to accept the Boston definition. In Boston a man may be fast if he takes an innocent sherry between the acts of a tragedy, if he keeps a shell on the river, or has a tandem on the Brighton road; and, although he may not be

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wholly lost to grace if his hours are prolonged at the Somerset Club, he is quite as meet for repentance as was that famous clergyman of the Hub whose parishioners lost all faith in his orthodoxy because he preferred a swift horse to a slow one.

There is but one way to approach the subject of fast life at Harvard, and that is from the standpoint of the fast Harvard man. Harvard's definition of fast life will go further than the definition afforded by any other authority in the country, unless it be that of New York, and it is possible that the fast young man may fare the worse on that account. To be fast in the Harvard sense is to run the scale of "manly pleasures," and then jump the border and plunge into the babbling stream of dissipation. It will be understood, of course, that the dissipation of Harvard's fast set is of the sort that modern refinement exalts as "gentlemanly." A fast Harvard man when in his cups is proudly conscious of the fact that he is still a gentleman, and, though he may cause his neighbors and the police some annoyance, his exuberance of spirit never descends to the common level of an inebriated costermonger's joy—at least in his opinion. A member of the fast set is not a sot; he is not a hopeless case by any means; but there is not a pleasure, legitimate or forbidden, that he leaves untasted during his college life. No one will resent more quickly than he any imputation of grossness or license in his conduct; in his wildest excess he is always "the gentleman;" which, being interpreted, means in the plainest phrase that he dresses his vices and his extravagances better, and that he pays more for them than other men.

Harvard is about three miles from Boston. To the Gothamite, or the Chicagoan mind this may not seem an incentive, or even an opportunity for hilarious excess; but in the very teeth of metropolitan prejudice it can be urged that even provincial Boston is fully equipped with every aid to the gay life. Harvard men know this, and in their search for convivial, financial, pugilistic, or amorous adventure they shape their course due East from the Delta. They return when they choose, sometimes the same night, sometimes the next day, sometimes a week hence, and occasions have not been lacking when an absence of three weeks followed the starting forth.

There are upwards of two thousand students at Harvard. Naturally, a multitude of characters is found in this goodly

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number. Perhaps a majority are quiet fellows whose utmost gaiety will scarcely bring the traditional blush to the cheek of modesty. Of the remainder, most drink a little, play a little, get into all sorts of foolish and reprehensible scrapes very often, and rather desire a reputation for rapidity than actually get up the high speed; while the "fast set" will comprise, say, one man in every twenty—not an alarming number of wild oat sowers and gleaners, to be sure.

In many other colleges the social life centres in the rooms of the students. At Harvard the social life is most manifest in the clubs and societies. Of these societies the D. K. E., having, perhaps, two hundred members, is the most conspicuous, and, as many think, the least desirable. All the members of the D. K. E. may not be fast, but the society itself does not conceal a desire to be thought as boisterous and as jovial as the law permits. To such a point have the nocturnal celebrations of this body been carried, that the D. K. E. long since became a reproach to Harvard student life. Its members have often been brought up, not only by the Faculty, but by the police magistrates, on charges that most young men, not collegians, would be ashamed to meet. There has of late been a certain pretence of reforming the D. K. E., but reforms in college life, like reforms in politics, are seldom more than "springes to catch woodcocks withal,"—glittering promises to quiet the exacting multitude.

The D. K. E. is called a fast society, but, while members of the fast set belong to it, the society is not the fast set itself, although it is perhaps its dearest wish in life to be considered so. The society is held in evidence by its high spirits. These spirits are kept in individual lockers during the day and let loose at night, to the utter dismay of the neighbors and the local advocates of prohibition. The members greet a police raid on their premises not with sorrow or with anger, but with delight, as if the presence of the officers of the law afforded proof of the soundness of the society's pretensions to dissipation. The members of the D. K. E., like their superiors in the gay ranks, have a profound consciousness that they are gentlemen; and so it is to be presumed that when they broke the tableware at the conclusion of a recent feast, and made kindling wood of the furniture, they compassed these joyful exercises with all the arts that distinguish the gentleman from the cad.

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But the distinctively fast set at Harvard is a thing by itself, and it dwells apart from ordinary life. It is a close clique, within which are cliques still closer. It has no specific organization, no by-laws, and no unquestioned leader to whose decrees it must bow. It is composed of rich men and their satellites, and it numbers, all told, say one hundred men, with pocket incomes ranging from $2,000 to $10,000 a year, and more if occasion warrants and their parents permit. Their expenditures are as liberal as the judgment of their fathers is limited. Their dress, their rooms, their table, their habits and their notes of hand—the shadow of extravagance is over them all! If they learn nothing else at college, they easily acquire the education of the spendthrift; and they talk with nonchalance of an outgo of thousands a year before they have mastered the rudiments of the first lesson in the value of money. Their pride is in their reputation as fast men; for this reputation they work as hard as other men work at Greek and conic sections, and in this reputation they glory. They are not high in their classes; they are, indeed, very poor scholars as a general thing, giving as little attention to study as will suffice to keep their names on the college books, burning midnight oil every night in the year, and yet only for study when examinations are at hand, at which trying periods they place themselves under the diligent and expensive care of tutors. It may be said that the fast men buy their way through college. They have plenty of money, and when they need brains they can very easily purchase the necessary assortment from their tutors. They are "good fellows" by universal consent, and their social eminence is attested by the fact that they take their pleasures, as they say, "as becomes gentlemen, and not in the manner of chumps." From this it will appear that there are two classes of fast men at Harvard: "the gentlemen" and the "chumps." Mr. Eugene Field, the savant of Chicago, has lately thrown a strong light on the origin of this term of opprobrium, and, according to his researches, it appears that "the word 'chump' was new born about 1883, and was originally used to designate the heavy, English sort of swell who bought wine for chorus girls. The essential conditions of true chumpery are:

"(1) The man must be large in person and solemn in manner. (2) He must 'open wine.'"

No traveler or *bon vivant* in America will need an intro-

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duction to the Parker House in Boston. Nor will any of these worthies need to be told that the youths who haunt that hostlery, in overcoats ridiculously small, and trousers "a world too wide for their shrunk shanks," with walking sticks carried wrong end up, and with voices that apparently embrace all mankind in their confidences,—no patron of Parker's will need to be told that these anomalous bipeds are Harvard men. Parker's is the Boston annex of Harvard College. Collegians fast and furious, and those who are feebly imitative and lack fat purses, betake themselves to the famous caravansary on School street, the first to do the "smart thing," and the others to pretend to the extremes they cannot hope to grasp. To be carried home in a cab, through absolute incapacity to get home in any other way, is to reach a distinction not attainable by less fortunate mortals who, though they may reach a high state of intoxication, have, like the poor in the familiar rhyme, "to walk be jabez." But if Harvard men who have dallied too long over the wine cup would always go home in a cab, outer barbarians would have much less cause to heap anathemas upon them. The Harvard man drunk and the Harvard man sober is inclined to exclaim with Ancient Pistol:

> "The world's mine oyster,
> Which I with sword will open!"

The Harvard man drunk is apt to assert this aggressive creed in a manner as discreditable to himself as it is offensive to the considerable bivalve which he claims in his usual gentlemanly fashion. When he, with a dozen comrades in a similar state of spirituous ecstasy, takes possession of the last car to Cambridge, bullies the conductor, frightens belated women and children, and ogles attractive maids, it must be confessed that he and his free companions merit the broken heads which they occasionally put to bed in college halls.

The demeanor of a large class of Harvard men is, as the world knows well, one of ever conscious superiority; and this is rarely diluted with even the smallest suspicion of condescension. Add to this a bountiful supply of fire-water, and the Chesterfieldian claims of the Harvard man have, of necessity, to be taken on trust. Even a lordly sense of superiority to all mankind is but a questionable warrant for publicly kissing a young woman whose acquaintance one has enjoyed, first and last, for full sixty

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seconds; and yet, when the gallant is brought before the frowning Faculty, the strongest plea that can be urged in his favor is: "He is a gentleman, and has always borne himself as becomes a gentleman."

The Faculty may frown, but they will rarely do more than frown or admonish. It might be well if the college authorities pronounced sentence of suspension more frequently. As for expulsion, that is an affair so rare that when it occurs the collegiate world is horrified. The sin at Harvard seems to be the discovery rather than the act of error itself. It is, or at any rate it has been, the policy of the college authorities to shield the evil-doer when he has not publicly disgraced himself; but let him appear in the police courts, or let the public hear of his escapades, and "the reputation of the college must be sustained." It is not Harvard's place to teach manners; the student should be fairly grounded in this branch of learning before leaving the kindergarten.

The fast set is, of course, as fashionable as it is gay. If you tell one of the elect that his set is snobbish, he will reply: "Not so. Harvard is democratic, and men are judged here purely on their merits." In this case one can conclude only that Harvard's idea of democratic spirit is like the way of the Mongolian in the poem—vain and peculiar. A man who does not belong to the fashionable set may be a very worthy fellow, but at best he is unfortunate, and he is treated with an air of patronage that is not always gracious. Harvard men who deny this can do so only after forgetting the condescending paragraphs printed in Boston's leading society paper by college correspondents whose lament was that certain men who won distinction in the class of '88 were not members of the best set in college. Heaven forbid! Had they belonged to the best set in college they might never have won distinction in their studies.

When asked how much a fast man has to spend at college to do justice to his position, one of the number replied: "As much as he can get. It is difficult, if not impossible, to say how much another man spends; only he, or his father or guardian, will be likely to know. One or two men are credited with spending $10,000 a year, but few of us, I dare say, spend more than $5,000, while the average in the set would be a little below that. Of course this is my own estimate; if you want to know the facts ask the other fellows—and they won't tell."

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All Harvard men, like a few of their less favored fellow creatures outside college walls, have an eye, if indeed they are not all eyes, for a pretty face under a love of a bonnet. But the men who aspire to a reputation for rapidity love more than the face. They have a vigorous and confessed appreciation for the "human form divine," and comic operas, blonde-beauty troupes and spectacular shows, merit their patronage in proportion to the cut of the theatrical wardrobe and its adaptability to anatomical charms. Managers of this highly intellectual species of entertainment have been known to make their dates for cultured Boston in order to meet term-time at Harvard. The old habit of "suping" at the play has of late years fallen into "innocuous desuetude," or if it finds favor at all, it is only among a few callow freshmen. Suping was not fast enough for the fast men, who now take their drama in front and ogle the stars or the chorus girls, according to the depth of assurance or pocket in individual cases. Floral tributes to the passing fair who disport themselves in tights, carriages at the stage door and suppers after the play, with vivacious coryphees, soubrettes or prima donnas to lend a sauce to appetite, testify to the collegian's love of the dramatic art in these days. Nor does his appreciation pause here.

Boston, the sedate and well contained, may, perchance, read the preceding paragraph with dismay seasoned with doubt; but New York, whose views of the fast life are catholic, will accept this chronicle in a spirit as sincere as that with which it is presented. What should Boston have known about "The Parsonage," where the morals of Harvard youth were depleted along with Harvard purses; where wine ran freely from dusk till daybreak, and where hundreds of dollars were dissipated over the wildest orgies that ever went unmolested by the police? What should Boston have known of it, even though an Alderman had owned this palace of joy, whose sirens lured on their victims, while prayer and praise were ascending in the church not more distant than the thickness of a brick wall?

Gambling has been very nearly crushed out at Harvard, if the college authorities are to be believed. But it may be urged, with all deference to the dignitaries, that circumstances occasionally justify a respectful doubt of the best intentioned representations. College authorities are not always informed of what is taking place

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under their noses, and the Harvard authorities sometimes slumber in blissful ignorance of the revels of their merry young men.

"The bane of Harvard College is poker," said an instructor recently, and the experience and observation of a college man who sometimes puts his ideas into print warranted the following plain statement last term, and it may be said, parenthetically, that when the present term is a little older, a similar if not a worse condition will undoubtedly prevail, for they say that '89 is the wildest class that has been at Harvard for years. "One of the most surprising things," says the authority just mentioned, "is the universality of poker; like the measles, it attacks rich and poor; some rooms are regular dives where games are always going on. I dropped into such a room the other evening where seven men were playing, and four or five more were lying around reading novels and waiting for a chance to play. In college the dual life may be followed with greater success than in after years. I know a 'wicked sport' who is preparing for the ministry; he is a regular poker sharp; his room is a den; and the other day, when a fellow hailed him with 'Hello! will you play to-night?' he replied with the utmost nonchalance: 'No, I can't; I'm going in to Phillips Brooks' prayer meeting.' His strongest claim to religion is that, as the boys say, he is a 'Christian' about paying up his I. O. U.'s."

Here is a pen picture of a Harvard card den drawn by a college correspondent: "The poker room with its heated atmosphere impregnated with the sickening smell of stale cigarette smoke, its 'curses both loud and deep' at ill luck, the wild, feverish talk, the hysterical laugh, and the ghastly faces on which are written greed and avarice and despair, is a bad school for any one, and it makes short work of these freshmen, 'on whose lips the milk is scarcely dry.' About one-half of the constant poker players practice disreputable tricks. One is driven to the conclusion that it is chiefly rascals who take to poker, or that poker makes rascals. One of the 'talent,' who plays on the square, said to me the other day that he would have to play in a gambling-hell in Boston hereafter, where he would run less risk of being cheated."

It requires but a few moments to lose a hundred dollars at a game, as many fast men and would-be fast men know. One of the set dropped a cool thousand at poker last year. He may have been the hero of his clique after that; his foolishness entitled

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him to the honor. From poker to betting, or from betting to poker—either way is but a step and a step easily taken. "Bet and be a man," is a motto that very many Harvard boys have appropriated. The fruitful result of all this financial insanity is the sea of paper that inundates Cambridge every now and then. The I. O. U.'s of college men are as plentiful as blackberries; and certain local tradesmen of kindly heart lend money at as reasonable a rate as five per cent. a week.

A college youth cannot spend $10,000 a year without being fast, and fast in the complete sense of the term; nor can he spend $5,000 a year without being fast. Indeed, when his expenditure exceeds $1,500 or $2,000 the legitimate inference is that he is a wild youth, always providing that he does not keep horses or a yacht—either of which are expensive luxuries, even when taken in the mildest form.

"Harvard is a world of itself," says the student of to-day. And, like the great world outside, it has changed amazingly during the last four or five decades. Less than half a century ago sixty men were considered a large class; now the average is two hundred and fifty. Then the character and mode of life of every man were known to every other man; a condition now impossible where every man's acquaintance is limited to his "Society," and his intimacy restricted to his clique. Then quick and constant communication with Boston was unknown, and, as the fare (by omnibus) was twenty-five cents, most of the students walked to town and back again. Then an atmosphere of simple village life pervaded Cambridge; now the place is a "prohibition" city where thirsty students may find favor at the druggists' without "winking." Then the college men from the country lived on $300 a year, including tuition, and the great body of students did not exceed $500 a year in their individual expenditures; now the man who spends less than $1,000 in a twelvemouth is considered poor indeed, and a five-thousand-dollar man is not regarded as a spendthrift. Then, although most, if not all, of the students drank, they did not drink to excess. They were very moderate in their use of wine. One man, who had a keg of beer in his room, was thought a monstrously dissipated fellow to go to such an extent. Intoxication was rare then; now it is all too common. Then a man in his cups was regarded with pity, or scorn, or contempt by the great body

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of his fellow-students; now he is said to pursue the "manly path," although it is not as straight a path as most men wish to tread. Then about one man in ten was a total abstainer, and looked upon as a "milksop"; now, although there is more drunkenness, there is more charity for the fellows who "lack manly spirit." Then the Don Juans were very, very few, and there would have been a public scandal had a medical examiner rejected eight out of nine candidates for positions in athletic games on the score of unmentionable disease. Then such men would have been socially ostracised; now their sufferings are purely physical.

Harvard's proximity to a large city, and the fact that the homes of most of the students are far away, may account for much of the "wildness" in the college life. In this case famous conditions are somewhat changed, and while the mice are away they play as only college mice can play. At Harvard a man is very much his own master, and very poor mastery some of the men exhibit. It is not easy to see how President Eliot, the Faculty and the Overseers together can alter things. They cannot make foolish men wise, and they cannot make saints of giddy and licentious worldlings. If it were practicable, as it is not, it would be unwise to establish a system of espionage, for while the Faculty might exercise a degree of repressive authority in Cambridge, such a course would end only in making bad matters worse by driving the students to Boston for their flighty "larks." Now they go to town voluntarily; it would be rash to force them there. Nor would it be a simple matter for the Faculty to prevent the gay Lotharios bringing the fair and frail companions of their dissipations into the yard on Class Day. The expressed contempt of fellow students might affect a reform here. Had such contempt been taken from its shell of indifference last June, it is possible that some men would have slunk into dark corners for very shame. It is bad enough to be conspicuous outside the college territory with the creatures of fascination, but self-respect as well as respect for the venerable 'varsity might induce men to exclude the priestesses of pleasure from precincts for which some other men at least show reverence. If it is impossible for the Faculty to subdue the misdirected energies of the fast men at Harvard, an aroused college sentiment may be capable of affecting a reform. This, and some trifles of common sense on the part of indulgent fathers, might heighten the moral tone,

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perforce. When *pater* cuts down the allowance, refuses to take up the notes and to honor the debts of excess, *filius* will, of necessity, be nearer chaste, if it is impossible for him to be pure.

"But," exclaims an outraged community of Puritans, "all this is slander! There are good men at Harvard, hard-working men, noble men; your picture is a gross misrepresentation."

Peace, my masters! There are such men as you say, many of them no doubt, but they form not the subject of our disquisition. He that writes of moles deals not with the stars.

ALECK QUEST.

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WALL STREET AS AN ECONOMIC FACTOR.

It will be thought doubtless by the majority that an article on those features of Wall street which are not directly connected with so-called stock-gambling should resemble the famous chapter on the snakes in Ireland.

It must be confessed that the place has not a widespread reputation for conservatism. But it is doubtless true that no locality in the world, of equal notoriety, is subject to such general misrepresentation as the three or four blocks shadowed by the spire of old Trinity, and collectively designated as "Wall street." Press and Pulpit make common cause against it. The severest comparisons, the most bitter denunciations are used to portray its dangerous and disreputable character. Young men and old, rich and poor, wise and simple, are alike warned to shun the fatal seductions of the place. It is possible to see there, almost any day, worthy men and women, who are making evidently their first visit to New York, and who move about with a half expectant and half frightened air, as though they would not be much suprised at the sudden appearance in the flesh of the veritable bulls and bears of which they have heard so often.

There are others whose distrustful and almost defiant manner indicates plainly that they are constantly on their guard and ready to resist any insidious attempt to draw them into the toils of speculation. Sometimes, too, preachers and teachers frequent the place, always, of course, with the desire and intent to gain knowledge of its ways and to gain nothing else. Occasionally, however, in order to make their experience as practical as possible, and that they may speak understandingly of the subject, they venture to speculate a little or "take a flyer," as the phrase goes. Having no acquaintance with the business, their fate is that of most novices, and then they solace themselves for their losses by bitter attacks on Wall

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street and eloquent denunciations of the evils of gambling in stocks. One well known preacher confesses that he visits dance houses and other places of evil repute simply for the purpose of seeing their iniquity with his own eyes, and as he condemns such places with, if anything, less severe and uncharitable language than he uses in speaking of Wall street, I have thought it likely that his experience in the latter place has been rather more extensive and vivid than a purely theoretical knowledge would demand. Judges, too, occasionally say hard things about the Street—but there is reason to think that they also are not always moved by that impartial sense of justice which we are wont to associate with the bench. It is reported that one of the most prominent and witty lawyers at the New York bar once said that it was useless to argue a case before a certain court when the stock market was going down, and he has not yet been arrested for contempt of court. The editor who fails to have a fling at Wall street as often as two or three times a week, especially if he live in the South or West, must be unusually well supplied with prize fights and divorce cases. And what demagogue addressing his constituents omits in any speech to denounce it as the home of the monopolist and the hotbed of injustice? All classes, in fact, seem to consider the place as fair game. And, without doubt, their action is, to a certain extent, justified. It cannot be denied that there is speculation in Wall street, nor that it sometimes runs rampant. But it is equally true that the speculative fever seldom originates there. By themselves, the frequenters of that place can do but little to arouse public attention. Their operations, no matter how bold or desperate they may be, seldom create a ripple in the outside world. Panics and corners may succeed each other in quick succession, and the winners of to-day become the losers of to-morrow, but only those who read carefully the financial columns of the daily papers know whether the bulls or the bears are uppermost. It is only when the public is strongly impressed with a feeling of hope or despondency that Wall street assumes a prominent position. When the crops promise to be good, when the reports of various branches of trade are favorable, and when the majority of men take a cheerful view of the future, then Wall street shares and makes manifest this buoyant feeling. But let disaster appear in any form,—even

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though the cloud be no larger than a man's hand,—and the market then instantly reflects the change. In such popular movements the regular or professional dealers of the street are as powerless as puppets. When the panic of 1873 closed the Stock Exchange and brought to a standstill the business of every banker and broker connected with it, many said: "Oh, it's nothing but a Wall street panic," and went on their way accordingly. But within a few months business generally slackened, the real estate market became dull, speculation everywhere died out, depression took the place of confidence, and then it became apparent that Wall street had only shown first the signs of a great commercial wave. And, as usual, there were good and conservative reasons for it. Speculation had been running riot throughout the country with but little check since the war. Credits were extended and profits existed, in many cases, only on paper. The year before, in 1872, our imports exceeded our exports by nearly $160,000,000, and the inevitable pay-day could not be any longer postponed. But after the dull times of the five years succeeding the panic of 1873; after men had charged off their bad debts, marked down their inventories, reformed their business methods and reduced their living expenses, matters began to mend again. And as the first signs of trouble had been seen in Wall street, so there appeared the dawn of a new era of prosperity. In 1878 and 1879 bankers plucked up courage to negotiate loans for new enterprises. Money began to flow into the Street, and with it came customers who made brokers happy. In 1880 speculation was rampant again, and the whole country was buying stocks. Our exports were large, gold was flowing to us in a stream never before equaled, and our prosperity appeared to be boundless. Money brought a lower rate of interest than had ever been known here, and the rise in the prices of stocks and bonds seemed to have no limit. But at such periods some event invariably occurs to bring people to their senses. As, in 1857, it was the failure of the Ohio Life and Trust Company, and in 1873, the failure of Jay Cooke & Co., so, in 1881, the shooting of Garfield marked the culmination of the speculative fever. And in those long weeks when the nation awaited in breathless suspense the result of the assassin's shot, the fluctuations of the stock market recorded the alternation of hope and despondency in the hearts of

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the people. Then, too, men said when prices began to fall: "It's nothing but a Wall street move," and for a while those who predicted lower prices, and operated on their convictions, were actually condemned as wanting in loyalty to the wounded President. But the note of warning had sounded, and nothing could stop the liquidation of speculative ventures. Stocks fell without exception, until many, which, in 1880 and 1881, had sold at or about par, or $100 a share, fell to less than $10. And in one instance—that of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad—the decline was over $107 per share; or, in other words, the value of one hundred shares of stock fell from $11,200 in 1880 to $400 in 1884. This depreciation was but the forerunner of depression elsewhere. Iron furnaces went out of blast, manufactories were closed and business generally became stagnant. Then followed two or three years of dullness in commercial circles throughout the country, succeeded by a general improvement, which was felt all over the land. And, in this case, again, the change began in Wall street. The settlement of the troubles between the trunk lines, and the amalgamation of the New York Central and West Shore railroads, in 1885, was the first event which marked returning confidence. As before, the multitude were skeptical, and regarded it as having no significance outside of Wall street. But, gradually, its influence made itself felt. The increased earnings of the great railroads begat confidence in other roads. Men not only bought stocks which had been hitherto neglected, but began to reorganize bankrupt properties and to build new roads. This created a demand for steel rails, and their price advanced in a few months from $26 per ton to $40. All over the land new iron mines were opened and new iron furnaces started, until the iron business of the country attained a prosperity hitherto unequaled.

Now, in these great popular movements one truth becomes very evident to those who watch them carefully, and that is the inability of any one man or set of men to withstand them. The Vanderbilts and Goulds are as powerless as the smallest traders. Old Commodore Vanderbilt did try in 1869 to prevent the price of his favorite, New York Central, from falling below a certain figure; but his brokers were literally swept away by the rush to sell. Jay Gould has lost millions in efforts to stem the popular current, and his present enormous fortune is due to his appreciation of the necessity of joining instead of fighting it.

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The multitude lose money in Wall street because they fail to follow this course intelligently. The average trader simply bets that prices will fall to-day because they rose yesterday. And if they continue to rise for several days he doubles and trebles his bets, on the principle of the gambler at cards. As a consequence a steady popular movement swamps him. Such men are neither more nor less than gamblers. They are the men who continually talk stocks on the streets and in the cars, who boast over their petty gains and howl over their losses. The laws of trade and political economy are to them meaningless words. They are the froth, the scum, on the surface of the stream, and, to carry out the simile, their numbers are a sure indication of the depth and strength of the current beneath. Nothing connected with them is more remarkable than their sudden disappearance. Like the flies, they are here to-day and gone to-morrow. They learn their lesson and go their ways, poorer, sadder and wiser men. Their places are, however, soon supplied; for Wall street, like the brook, can sing:

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

It is a remarkable fact that Wall street is a most successful teacher of humility. Its lessons are hard, sometimes merciless, but they are effective. And sometimes, too, they are pathetic. During four years of active service in the late war I saw hosts of brave men and many deeds of even reckless daring. But I have met on the floor of the Stock Exchange men of as dauntless courage and steady nerve as could be found in any army. I have watched them fight a losing battle day after day, when their wealth was gradually wasting, and when every turn of fortune's wheel made their positions worse. But they fought gamely to the end, with a cool bravery worthy of success. Sometimes, however, the overstrung nerves fail suddenly, and a pistol shot ends a career which usually deserves at least some pity, but which rarely gets it. It is a proverb in Wall street that plenty of pluck and a good bank account will ruin any man. Nowhere can be found more striking exemplifications of the truth of the old saw "that he who fights and runs away, may live to fight another day." Occasionally a bold and dashing genius scores a lasting success, but the percentage of such cases is almost infinitesimal. The men who control affairs, who conduct great negotiations and

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who amass large fortunes are, as a rule, conversative to the verge of timidity. Watchful of the signs of the times, and quick to take advantage of them, they never follow popular movements to their end. Those who achieve the greatest success recognize the truth that the strongest combination in business affairs is a union of speculative and conservative elements. It is difficult to determine at times the line of demarcation between them. I suppose that whenever any one buys, with a view to subsequent sale, anything for which at the time of purchase he does not see an existing demand, the transaction is a speculative one. This is as true of the small grocery man who buys fifty barrels of flour or potatoes more than his usual quantity, because he thinks circumstances indicate an advance in price, as it is of the trader in the Produce Exchange who buys 50,000 barrels for the same reason. If the commodities are actually bought and paid for in both cases, it is difficult to see why both are not equally legitimate. The test seems to be not so much in the kind of transaction as in the degree.

There can be no objection to the speculative feature so long as it does not overpower and run away with the conservative. No merchant nor manufacturer can make a fortune simply by supplying an existing demand. The successful men of business invariably look ahead, and their reward comes in proportion to the correctness of their judgment of the future. Nearly every man has views more or less decided as to the course of events, and as few have all they wish of this world's goods, those views usually have some bearing on the question of income. As soon as receipts exceed expenditures the speculative element asserts itself. Very few are content to invest their surplus with an exclusive regard for income and return of principal. Nearly all, even of the most conservative, strive to secure both an assured income and a prospect for increase in the value of the principal. But there is another class, numbering far more than is generally supposed, who consider themselves, and who really are conservative, but who, nevertheless, are influenced by speculative impulses. They are the men, and the women, too, (and I am bound to say that, proportionately, the women outnumber the men), who are content to go without present income from an investment, provided it promises large rewards in the future. I call them conservative because the gambling element of chance does not con-

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trol their operations. They act only after a study, more or less careful and intelligent, of the facts in the case, and invest their money with patient confidence. This is the class which buys unimproved real estate, and stocks which do not pay dividends. They would be shocked, probably, to be told that they are the mainstay of Wall street. But it is true, neverthless. Nearly every one of our great railroads has been fostered by and reached prosperity through their support. The process is a familiar one, and has been repeated scores of times. A road is built, and the stock is pitched into the speculative arena, where it becomes a financial foot-ball. It is almost never successful at the outset. It gets involved in debt, becomes bankrupt, and the men who have started it simply as a speculation lose money. There are not only no dividends, but there are often assessments. Meanwhile, the country grows and business increases along the line. Gradually the stock is absorbed by this conservatively speculative class of investors. As the supply diminishes in the open market and the prospects of the road improve, it becomes easy for the professional speculators to manipulate the price to suit themselves. If the speculators had to carry all the load, or could only sell to each other, their careers would be brief. But this small yet steady investment demand becomes after a while an important factor in their calculations, and they make the most of it. Where the cautious outsider buys ten or twenty shares, the daring professional trader will buy as many thousand, and this is the reason why so many of them are ruined in stocks which prove profitable to the genuine investor. The speculator assumes too heavy loads and has to throw them overboard at a loss on the appearance of a financial storm, while the man who has bought no more than he can pay for waits patiently for the clouds to roll by. There are illustrations of this process at our doors. Thirty years ago the stock of the New York & New Haven Railroad was one of the speculative favorites of Wall street. It was even ultra-fashionable, for the treasurer indulged in a fraudulent over-issue of stock. The road did not pay dividends, and the price ranged from fifty to sixty dollars per share. Gradually the stock was taken from the market until not enough remained there to satisfy the demands of the traders, and now, with the price above two hundred dollars per share, transactions in it are few and in small amounts.

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The New York Central is another instance. From 1867 to only a few months ago, notwithstanding the fact that it paid dividends, it was a leading speculative stock. The dealings in it were at times enormous, and the fluctuations in price frequent and of great range. But since the settlement of the trunk line troubles public confidence in it is so great that it seems to have taken its place permanently among the investment stocks. This is true, also, of the leading roads as we go further West. The Lake Shore, the Rock Island, the Chicago & Alton, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, the Chicago & Northwestern, and scores of other roads have all gone through the same experience. In other words, the speculators of Wall street and the outside conservative element which has come in quietly to their assistance have combined to support these great corporations in the periods of their infancy and weakness. Under this protection they, in turn, have helped to develop the country, and are paying large return to those investors whose foresight enabled them to read the future aright. The history of the world shows no series of business enterprises so brilliant, so prosperous, and, on the whole, so beneficial, as the railroad system of this country, and nearly every important road in the system has been launched in Wall street. Granting the evils of speculation, and granting the gross mismanagement which has existed in some notorious instances, nevertheless, it cannot be denied that there are redeeming features connected with an agency which has produced such splendid and beneficent results.

I have made no special mention this far of that feature of Wall street through which its influence makes itself felt most potently, and which, in public estimation, often stands for the place itself; I mean the New York Stock Exchange. The eleven hundred men who compose this body are but a fractional part of those who do business in the Street. While the majority of them are possessed of comfortable fortunes, and while the list of membership includes a few men who are enormously rich, it must not be supposed that the influence of the Exchange is due to the wealth of its members or to the operations which originate with them. If, as I have said, Wall street is the heart of the financial interests of the country, the Stock Exchange is the heart of Wall street. It is the innermost centre to which all eyes are turned, and which, by common consent, reflects the condition of the financial world.

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The fluctuations of feeling in monetary circles are recorded as quickly in the Stock Exchange as the changes in the atmosphere are noted by the barometer. A generation ago this was not the case. Then the Exchange was a place where a few men met for an hour or two every day, dealt in a moderate amount of stock and bonds, sat in comfortable chairs around a table or cockpit, and spent almost as much time in cracking jokes at each other's expense and knocking off each other's hats as in attending to business. Even in Wall street their influence was comparatively small, and outside of it they were unknown in the financial world. The war changed all this. The fever of speculation aroused by it manifested itself nowhere so much as in the Stock Exchange. The brokers were driven out of their chairs, and instead of a single call of stocks were forced to have continuous dealings during nearly the whole day. As the old board was too conservative to keep up with the times a new one was formed. In 1879, after the older organization had tried in vain for several years to ignore and suppress its younger rival, the two boards were united. From that time to the present the influence of the Exchange has grown steadily and marvelously. In London, only a small number of prominent bankers are represented at the Stock Exchange, but with only two or three exceptions, all of the leading banking and foreign exchange firms of New York are connected with the Stock Exchange through one or more partners. Within the past year the sons of the senior members of two of the firms which have governed the rate of foreign exchange for the last quarter of a century have paid twenty thousand dollars each for memberships in the Stock Exchange. Twenty years ago these firms would have thought such a connection decidedly *infra dig.* The conservative character of this change is shown by the fact that these houses deal chiefly in bonds. Ten years ago the transactions in bonds were comparatively small, but now millions sometimes change hands in a single day. The total par value of the various issues thus far admitted to the Exchange exceeds eighteen hundred millions of dollars, while the amount of stocks on the list is over two billions three hundred millions of dollars. No security can be placed on its list until it has been first examined by a special committee, whose business it is to see that the company is legally organized, and its stock and

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bonds properly engraved and duly registered in a reputable trust company. In other words, while the governors avoid any responsibility as to the value of securities, they exercise great care to prevent swindling by illegal companies and forged or improperly issued certificates. Having done this, they feel justified in falling back on the old precept, "*caveat emptor.*" Their object is simply to create a market where buyers and sellers may deal under the protection of reasonable rules. That they have succeeded fairly in this effort is shown by the result. Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia are as near Wall street for the purposes of business as though they were but a block away. One hundred and ten private telegraph wires run from offices connected with the Exchange to various parts of the country. Orders for the purchase and sale of stock have been sent from Chicago, executed in the Exchange and the transaction reported back to Chicago within a minute. The average time occupied in sending messages by cable to London is not much over six minutes.

Many firms make a specialty of trading between the Stock Exchanges of New York and London, so as to take advantage of any differences which may exist in the two markets in the same security. In order that this may be done with safety and profit great celerity is required on the part of the cable company, and messages have been sent to London and the answer received in New York within three minutes. During one day in December, 1886, the Western Union Company alone delivered through its office in the Stock Exchange building six thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine messages. If to these are added those sent by other companies and those delivered to the various offices of the bankers and brokers, the number will exceed ten thousand. On this day the number of shares dealt in at the Stock Exchange exceeded one million, the par value of which would be one hundred millions of dollars. The impression prevails quite generally that these figures are deceptive, and that they represent only such an amount of bets on values. But nothing could be further from the truth. Every transaction reported in the Exchange presupposes the actual delivery of and payment for the property dealt in. And the exceptions are so few as to be infinitesimal. The securities have as tangible value as bank stock or merchandise. And when it is reported that fifty or one hundred millions of stocks have changed hands at the Exchange in a day it may be known that the transfer

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of property in settlement of these transactions will be as real and genuine as if they were based on dry goods or hardware. The certificates of stock are delivered to the purchasers and are paid for by checks which are certified by the banks and on which greenbacks or coin may be drawn. When it is remembered that dealings seldom amount to less than $10,000,000 in a day, that the daily average through the year is over $20,000,000, and that it has exceeded $100,000,000 in one day, some idea may be formed of the extent of the public interest in Wall street. But perhaps a better basis for a correct estimate is the number of stockholders in the various great corporations represented on the Exchange. In the New York Central, Union Pacific, Western Union, Northern Pacific and other companies of similar character and capital, the number in each runs from 6,000 to 8,000. One trust company reports that it has some 23,000 stockholders registered on its books, and others have still more. A majority of these hold small amounts, frequently as low as five and ten shares. Many of them are women and professional men, who invest their savings slowly, and who cannot be justly considered otherwise than conservative. They are, however, classed by their less thrifty neighbors with the monopolists and bloated bondholders. And it would be well sometimes for our virtuous law-makers to remember that their outbursts of wrath against corporations affect the genuine and comparatively poor investor far more unfavorably than the professional speculator. The latter, alert and well informed, sees the impending storm and protects himself, while the former, too much occupied with other affairs or too inexperienced to detect the signs of danger, makes no move, and sees his or her property shrink rapidly in value.

It is estimated that from one hundred to one hundred and fifty millions of securities are created yearly by the construction of new railroads. Of this amount probably nine-tenths are negotiated in Wall street. No one from the West or South thinks of doing anything in the way of railroad building without first going there. The above figures may seem large, but to them must be added city and county bonds and the stocks of mining, manufacturing and other companies until the amount is swelled to many hundred of millions. Now what can the speculators, brokers and bankers of Wall street do with such a burden? Left to themselves they would be crushed by it. But the countless

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thousands whom they represent carry it off according to their various means. The great moneyed institutions and individuals of large wealth absorb $100,000 at a time. Lawyers, doctors, merchants and other small investors take lesser amounts, and after a while the immense mass of securities is dispersed, while the money received is sent all over the country to pay laborers and manufacturers, and, finding its way into general circulation again, gives a new impetus to the material prosperity of the nation.

It should not be forgotten by those who are so ready to denounce Wall street that in the stirring events of the past twenty-five years it has been found invariably on the side of the government, ready to throw its influence in favor of law and order, and that it has always taken a conservative position on financial issues. At the breaking out of the rebellion the government had to consider no more serious question than that of money. Men were abundant and so was patriotism, but soldiers had to be paid and munitions of war to be bought. There was no such national currency as we have now, and the government's store of gold was soon exhausted. After the battle of Bull Run had shown that the war was to be a serious affair, Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, came to New York and met, in one of the banks of Wall street, officers of the principal banks of New York, Boston and Philadelphia. I do not, of course, intend to claim for Wall street the exclusive credit for standing by the financial measures of the Government at this time, but it cannot be denied that the Government looked chiefly to it for support, and that it took the lead in the movement. The report of the Loan Committee of the Associated Banks of New York, issued in the Spring of 1862, said: "The credit of the Government had become impaired to such a degree that a large loan could not be obtained in any ordinary way. Men's hearts failed them; the rebellion was on so large a scale and had so unexpectedly broken out and raged with such fury that to subdue it seemed to most persons to be impossible. Then it was after careful deliberation and consultation with the Secretary, that the banks decided it to be wise for them to depart from their usual legitimate business and sustain the Government credit and stand or fall with it. This act restored the public confidence and was the highest indorsement of the public credit that could

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then have been given." Acting on this determination the banks loaned the Government fifty million dollars of gold in August, 1861, as much more in October, and still another fifty million dollars in November, or one hundred and fifty million dollars of gold in four months. The strain was too heavy for them and the next month specie payments were suspended. Then followed the various paper issues of the Government,—legal tender and demand notes, postal currency, seven thirties, ten forties, and other bonds, all by the million. The expenses of the Government were never less than thirty millions of dollars a month, and sometimes they amounted to ninety millions. The public debt in August, 1865, was about two billion nine hundred million dollars, and of the bonds representing this amount nearly all had been negotiated in Wall street, or through the instrumentality of its representatives. The importance of such an agency cannot be over-estimated. It was second only to the army, and without it the army could not have existed. Of course speculation ran wild there, and it is not strange that among the traders there should have been many who cared little for the country and who knew nothing of patriotism. But it is a fact, nevertheless, that the best and most prominent men in the Street supported the Government not only with their wealth, but with loyal hearts and earnest counsel. The force of their example was far-reaching. In their efforts to sell the government bonds they appealed to the patriotism of Union-loving citizens all over the country. The business connections established in this manner have not been severed. They were indeed the basis of that broad and close relationship to the whole nation which has proved to be Wall street's greatest strength. Its supremacy as the financial centre of the country dates from this period. Previous to the war Boston was the great clearing house for the banks of New England, which were comparatively independent of New York; but, since the war, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago are as dependent on Wall street in financial matters as the smaller cities, and are as closely connected with it as the cities of Great Britain are with London.

Wall street supported the Government again on the resumption of specie payments on the first of January, 1879. The banks of New York, with those of Wall street in the van, strengthened

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the hands of the Government by agreeing to receive United States notes, not only for ordinary balances, but in payment of the interest on the public debt and of all the coin obligations of the Government. Backed by this powerful ally the national treasury was safe in proclaiming its willingness and ability to pay all demands in specie. For the first time in seventeen years the public creditors could take, according to their desire, either coin or paper for their debts, and with the perversity which characterizes so large a portion of mankind, when they found that they could get coin, the majority preferred paper.

I hope it will not be thought that I appear as a defender of Wall street. It is one of the advantages of living in New York that one is not obliged to take up the cudgels continually in its behalf. The inhabitants of smaller towns appear to regard criticism as something personal and to be resented. But New York is sufficiently metropolitan, not to say cosmopolitan, to take care of itself. And every year makes this more true. The great cities of the interior may become greater; Chicago and St. Louis may, metaphorically speaking, tear their hair in envious rage at each other's progress; but New York regards their growth and struggles with calm complacency, conscious that the increased prosperity of either or both must add to its own wealth and importance. As soon as a man makes three or four millions of dollars anywhere in the country, he feels impelled to go to New York and live there for at least a part of the year. And the most cosmopolitan part of New York is Wall street. It feels the increase of every kind of business. The rich merchants of Chicago may import their goods direct from England and the continent, and so ignore the New York jobber; but they must look to Wall street for a market for their foreign exchange. The planters who ship their cotton by way of New Orleans, or any other Southern port; the Colorado and Montana miners, who send their bullion to the smelters in the various parts of the country, and sometimes even to Europe; the great millers of the Northwest, who make and export thousands of barrels of flour a day; the Western commission merchants, who ship a hundred millions of bushels of wheat yearly,—all these look to Wall street as a clearing-house for the financial part of their transactions. Every year adds to its strength and importance. It should not be considered a mark of Yankee boastfulness to

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predict that the next century will see New York assume the place now held by London as the financial centre of the world. All the indications point that way. The growth of our manufactures and the production of the precious metals tend constantly to turn the balance of trade in our favor. No one who is not in a position where the fact is forced on his attention can realize the change which has taken place in this respect in the last fifteen years. While we are not now entirely independent of the European money markets, the time of our complete dependence has passed. At present American securities are the most attractive investments for European capitalists. Our bankers no longer offer them at prices which yield the buyer excessive rates of interest, but demand and receive terms which are equal to those commanded by the choicest foreign securities. Our Government bonds, which twenty years ago paid the foreign purchaser, the discount included, a higher rate of interest than would be promised in these days by any Western wild-cat stock, now rank equal to the Consols. of Great Britain.

Wall street is the delight of the free trader. I do not mean to imply by this that the majority of its frequenters know or care much about the principles of free trade as they are taught by learned professors, but that the laws which govern trade naturally, the principle of demand and supply, for instance, work with a certainty and regularity which must carry joy to the opponents of protection. Knights of Labor and capitalists are alike powerless to affect for any length of time the operation of natural and legitimate fluctuations of prices. If a Vanderbilt cannot maintain the nominal value of a stock above its normal figure, it is equally true that Powderlys and Arthurs, with ignorant rabbles behind them, are impotent to block the wheels of commerce except temporarily, and thus influence unfavorably the prices of securities. The great mass of citizens hold the even tenor of their way, and their movements are reflected in Wall street with never failing accuracy. If a formidable strike occur, or riots or other disturbances, watch the stock market, and after the first shock is over it will record their course as quickly and correctly as a steam gauge notes the varying pressure in the boiler. During the war, Congress tried to stop speculation in gold by the enactment of a prohibitory law, but the only effect was to increase the speculation a thousand fold, and the law was quickly repealed.

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A man can find protection in Wall street only in an active brain and a conservative temperament. It is no place for one who is born tired or who wants assistance from a paternal Government.

I hope, furthermore, that I shall not be suspected of a desire to describe Wall street in such attractive terms as to tempt men to try their fortunes there, either as lambs or shearers. I might as properly advise a clever boxer to challenge Sullivan or Dempsey, or any of the other shining lights of the prize ring. No one should venture there until he is quite sure that he is fitted for the work. To speak more particularly of the Stock Exchange: I know of no more severe test of virile qualities than it presents. A successful man there must be strong and active in mind and body, possessed of steady nerves, and ready to stand by his word, cost what it may. He must watch the telegraph instruments which bring news from various parts of the world, and be prepared to act promptly either for himself or his principals on the report of any important occurrence. The tempers of the various leaders in European politics, the condition of the crops in India, floods in the Missouri River, or the appearance of the potato-bug in Kansas; all these may be reported in quick succession, and demand not only correct judgment but decisive action. It is like watching the pulse beats of the whole earth. The strain both on the nerves and the mind is at times terrific. Opinions formed in the morning must be changed at noon, and the evening's news furnishes no safe basis for the next day's operations. The actual physical wear and tear is exhaustive. The mere contact with constantly moving crowds of excited men, the incessant rushing to and fro consumes the bodily strength, and so indirectly saps the mental and moral power.

Nevertheless, the arduous and perilous nature of the work will not deter confident and courageous men from undertaking it. In fact, it is in itself an inducement to many. And keenly alive as I am to the difficulties and dangers which beset any and every man who is engaged in Wall street life, I am not surprised that it attracts men with strong bodies and sound heads, and both of them well educated. They will find the field wide enough for their loftiest ambition and their most energetic efforts. They will value especially their education. The day has passed when bad spelling could be considered as indicative of a plethoric bank account. When Wall street represented but a small area, men

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who were ignorant and narrow, but shrewd and determined, could take leading positions. But every day makes it more necessary that its leaders should be men of breadth and intelligence. Its constant and rapid growth in the future and the widening of its influence may be regarded as beyond dispute. Standing as it does to-day as the representative of the financial interests, both speculative and conservative, of sixty millions of people in this country, and intimately connected with the leading nations of the world, it is probable that the majority of those now living will see it conducting the operations of a hundred millions of American citizens and exercising a paramount influence in commercial transactions everywhere. It will be well for it if its course be guided by the counsels of men of liberal education. And while, on the one hand, it will be benefited by their co-operation, it will, on the other, present to them a fitting field for labor, where their best powers will find the widest scope. I confess to being an optimist so far as the material prosperity of this country is concerned. While our commensurate improvement in moral and intellectual strength may not be altogether assured, it seems to me impossible to form an exaggerated estimate of the increase of our wealth.

Hitherto in the history of the world the great development of wealth has been accompanied by evils which have tended to make it a curse. But if the human race is really improving, this should eventually cease to be true. The most powerful factors in the improvement will be men of intelligence and education. We should develop higher types of men, those who have the power to combine theoretical knowledge and the practical application of it. The tendency of large operations is toward concentration, owing to the inability of individuals to control them. In business matters concentration develops in the form of corporations, and corporations naturally find their homes in financial centres. The labor struggle of the day is merely the effort of working men to hold their own by organization, against the combination of capitalists under the protection of corporations. All thinkers regard it as one of the vital issues of the time and one which education on both sides will be most potent to settle. In no place in this country can the educated man put himself in more direct communication with the labor element than in Wall street, the home of corporations, and in no place will a just intelligence exercise a more widespread influence for good. The

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conservative element, already so powerful and so efficacious in the development of the country, will be strengthened by the accession of such men and will contribute more than ever to the increase of the national prosperity. With its growth will come a comparative diminution of that speculative fever, which, although it has played a not altogether useless part in the commercial history of the country, is to be repressed rather than encouraged. It will never disappear entirely, nor would it be well that it should, for it must always represent the emotional factor of the business community. It stands as the exponent of the popular confidence in the future of the country, and, when kept within bounds and serving only as a spur to conservative action, it will tend to produce a most beneficial combination. Then, and probably not until then, will Wall street cease to be the object of general criticism and censure. Meanwhile eulogies and denunciations are alike powerless to affect it. What the country is, that it will be. It will grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength. To intelligent observers, looking beneath the surface, the powerful underlying current will be visible, and they will recognize the fact that the place exercises an economic force which in extent and usefulness is excelled by no other in the country.

BRAYTON IVES.

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CATHOLICISM AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

EVERY religious person believes that God is a factor in all politics, the Great Silent Partner in all earthly affairs. Every non-religious person knows that a great many things happen which he does not make happen; which no man and no combination of men make happen; which come under a constitution of things entirely outside of his authority or even opinion. The Power which made these things happen, whether with the Christian we call it God, or with the agnostic we call it force, is always an active working power, present and constant force, entirely apart from our recognition of His or its participation. I shall say *His*, because that best expresses my own conviction; but I mean now exactly and only what the agnostic means by *its*.

The law of God underlies every human law, every social custom, every political movement and speech. If these are not in conformity with that universal law, sooner or later—generally later—they come to grief. One of the hardest things to be understood is why it is so often later. We are created under a hidden law, and we find it only by bumping our heads and breaking our hearts against it. Often the broken heads and hearts do not discover it at all. They have the suffering, but the bystanders only, and not many of them, see the logic in it, and deduce any lesson from it. The sufferers see it not at all; do not know why they suffer. So far it seems that they suffer in vain.

God does not treat men as wise men treat their children. When the baby violates a little law touching forbidden things, the wise mother gives the little sinner a little rap, and so, quickly and not very painfully, he learns to respect the law. It would not be a wise mother who should let the baby go on meddling day after day, year after year, without notice or without adequate notice, and by and by, suddenly, for no greater or graver meddling than all the preceding years have practiced, come down with a swift rod and a heavy hand, not upon the baby alone, but upon the whole brood of brothers and sisters as heavily. Yet this is the way that the Power outside ourselves makes for righteousness.

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Undoubtedly it is, on the whole, taking in the widest scope of individual action and reaction, the best way; but to any single observer, righteousness does not seem to be so swiftly or so economically made as it would be by more direct methods.

Every one admits the universality of the law of truth. Truth is to the world of mind what gravitation is to the world of matter. The representation of this law in social, human life is by words. "Mere words," we say depreciatingly, but words are the current coin of the realm of soul, the medium by which men interchange thought. To understand and to regard the meaning, the use, and the weight of words is the last result of culture, the high-water mark of civilization. It would seem that the way to teach this most effectively and least painfully would be to make every little deviation from accuracy cause a little immediate shock to some nervous chord, a little thwarting of some cherished plan of the deviator, so that he shall, on the spot, withdraw the false note and re-attune himself to the simple and sublime harmonies of truth. Thus, even although he have a very strong bent in favor of discord, speaking lies as soon as he is born, the inevitably recurring penance would, by its inevitable recurrence, at length gently but thoroughly train the evil trait out of him till there was formed in its stead an invulnerable habit of truth-telling. Has any one ever pictured to himself what this world would be if every person in it—I will not say told the truth, but told nothing but the truth? How largely would the acrimony of a political campaign disappear, how much of argument might be dispensed with, if men would be strictly accurate in representing the views of their opponents?

What, instead, really does happen under the unseen, irreversible government of the world is this: In a country founded by Protestants and with Protestants still largely in the majority, Protestant pulpits describe, antagonize, refute and sometimes denounce and traduce Roman Catholicism. I am speaking entirely from the point of sight of a Protestant—a Protestant not only by every trait and tincture of heredity, but by every conviction of reason; a Protestant to whom some of the assumptions of the Roman Church seem not only unwarrantable, but well-nigh intolerable. For a long time the Protestant preacher has it all his own way. There are few Roman Catholics in his town, none at all in his church. The few are ignorant, never hear his words and have

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not the knowledge to discriminate or eliminate truth from error. The people who do hear him have no personal interest in Roman Catholicism, believe it to be a false system; the harder it is hit, the better they like it. So if he be a man who little regards the meaning, the use, and the weight of words, he misrepresents with vigor, and pungency and impunity, the tenets and the teachings of this historic church to his heart's content, and nothing happens.

But by and by something does happen. The heavens fall. What caused it? The preacher is false and fatuous indeed, but no more so than he has always been, and no more so than many others have always been. The error, the inaccuracy, are no greater; only the surroundings are different, not the guilt. It is simply that he is no longer in his own church, protected by sympathizing or indifferent hearers, speaking to a homogeneous congregation of his own faith. He is in the thick of a national fight, where there are blows to give and blows to take; a fight in which all men's interests are at stake and many men's desires are keen; where Roman Catholics are strong, outspoken, and alert; and a watchful foe present and more alert, eager to take advantage of fallacy or misstatement. He has been prattling Rum, Romanism and Rebellion all his life, liking the sound of it, and has never been summoned to give account; but this once he prattles it, and the false ring reverberates from shore to shore, the policy of a great nation is reversed, the power of a great party is revoked, the jar of gelatine has become a jar of dynamite, whose detonation is heard throughout the civilized world.

It is not necessary to discuss the ignorance which could permit such effect from such cause. That is another matter important but germane. The significant point now is the fact that such causes do produce such effects; that misrepresentation, with or without malice, springing perhaps only from lack of mental training, from a mere habit of careless half-seeing, of feeble, flabby thinking, may sputter along through a half century making no more stir than the soft snap of popping-corn; and at the end of the half century, without warning, explode in a thunderbolt of disaster.

The work wrought by one libel was an evil work, but it would be an incalculable blessing if it could teach men to be accurate at all times, lest at some time their inaccuracy should precipitate ruin.

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In another form the same leaven has been spreading, in a lesser sphere as yet, but approaching what larger spheres we know not now. The Roman Catholics for a long while had the doctrine of indulgences all their own way, and in America for a long time the Protestants have had the rendering of that doctrine all *their* own way. In this case it must be said, in justification of the Protestant rendering, that the word easily lends itself to its own bejugglement. The word *indulgence* in any connection with *sin* has a certain natural slant towards indulgence *of* sin. Calvinists have a similar difficulty in distilling a sweet reasonableness out of the phrase *total depravity,* and to that extent can sympathize with Roman Catholics. Protestants have hitherto regarded the doctrine with tranquil disapprobation—as a doctrine atrocious but remote, defunct, a mere reminiscence of Luther, the occasion of the Reformation. But in Rome one is roused out of this asphyxia of disapproval, and has to contemplate the doctrine of indulgencies as a living agency, a present practice, advertised in the churches as regularly as the Congregational churches advertise "Friday evening meeting," more openly, indeed, for it is set in carven letters big enough for the passer-by to read, broadly overarching the church doors: "Plenary indulgence daily and perpetual for the living and the dead," in Latin generally, but there it is. Thus one is obliged to find out what it means. If indulgences to commit sin are granted by the Roman Catholic Church, it behooves the nineteenth century to know it. The nineteenth century, in one case at least, had recourse to no Protestant authority, but to the highest Roman Catholic headquarters, convoked the College of Cardinals as it were!

The College of Cardinals responded promptly, fully, satisfactorily. The one cardinal flower representing it was a century plant, and opened full blossom upon the theme. He was, to dismiss the figure, a man of great learning, and he fortified all his statements with the written word, with official citations. If it had been a little startling to find in the Eternal City a vigorous and ever renewing crop of indulgences, what was it to come home to the to-be-eternal city and find that Leo X. was there before me, and that Luther and Tetzel were leading each other just as lively a fight around Boston common as when the one lifted his protesting knees from the *Scala Santa* to nail upon the church door of Wittenburg his five and ninety theses against the other! What

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satisfaction was it then to be armed with an opinion from the source of opinion! After hearing from the lips of Holy Mother Church an exposition of the doctrine of indulgence, as it was and is held, taught and practiced by that Church, I am compelled to believe that the doctrine is radically wrong, is founded on false mechanical theory, is without warrant in Scripture, in reason, or in human experience; but it is not an indulgence to commit sin. The real Catholic doctrine is just as false—not just as pernicious—to my thinking, as the false Protestant rendering of it, but the false Protestant rendering of it is not the real doctrine; and it is just as bad to teach a lie about a false doctrine as it is to teach false doctrine. The possible or even the actual tendencies of a doctrine are not to be confounded with the doctrine itself; still less are the extravagances of extremists, the misconceptions of the dull, the malpractices of the corrupt to be accepted as official acts and utterances, the voice of the Church, the platform of the party. Vagaries are monopolized by no sect. Camp-followers are common to all armies. Phillips Brooks, and William M. Barbour are Protestants, but so are Samuel Small and Samuel Strong. Tetzel was a Catholic, but so is Cardinal Manning. Would the scientific standard of the American churches be correctly presented by such a clerical cosmology as has been lately promulgated: "Out in space there hung a great chunk of rock and mud and water and shell. God stood over that original anarchy of elements, and said: 'Atlantic Ocean, you go right away, and lie down there! Pacific Ocean, you sleep there! Caucasian range of mountains, you stand there! Mount Washington, you be sentinel there! Mount Blanc, you put on your coronet of crystal there! Mississippi, you march there; and Missouri, you marry it there.' And he gathered in his Almighty hands the land and mud and rock, and rolled and heaved and moulded and dented and compressed them into shape, and then dropped them in four places, and the one was Asia, and another was Europe, and another Africa and another America."

I am not assuming, even, to investigate the vexed question of the Boston school. I take it only as it stands in the newspapers, that a large part of the Roman Catholic community and some part of the Protestant community think that the text of "Swinton's History," and the comments of Mr. Travis are erroneous and misleading—teaching that the Roman Catholic Church has

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granted indulgence to commit sin; in consequence of which the objectionable book has been removed and Mr. Travis practically censured, to the great satisfaction of one part of the community and the great dissatisfaction of another part.

It is very hard that a young man who teaches only what he has been taught himself, only what thousands of young men and women have been taught and are teaching, should be singled out and set aside for penalty while all others go scot free. But thus the world is governed. Apparently, it would be better for the world that the first man who misrepresented the Catholic doctrine of indulgences should be caught up, exposed, and set aside or reinstructed than that ten hundred men should go on with impunity for ten years, and at the end of the ten years one man receive the whole weight of punishment. But after all, thus accuracy *is* taught. The attention of the people is called to the importance of discerning and inculcating truth. While the Roman Catholics were weak they could not help themselves, and we went on saying what we pleased. Now they are numerous enough in some places to hold the balance of power, and they hold it with a mighty grasp. It is well that they do; that is what majorities are for. It would be better if Protestants would learn the meaning, the use, and the weight of words, because it is in the line of right thinking and true culture; but if they will not, then heaven be praised that they *must* learn it in order not to array the majority against themselves and be voted down at the next election!

A naïve and significant reason for not excluding from the Boston schools the objectionable text-book is, that it has been in use ten years without protest! Scarcely more weighty is the allegation that the outcry against it is not honest—that the objection to it is simply the opening wedge for riving our school system and dividing the public school money between Catholics and Protestants. This may be true, but it is irrelevant. It is not of the slightest importance why Catholics want their church history to be taught accurately. The practical point is, that they wish their history to be taught accurately; and the point is just as strong, even if they only pretend to wish it. If the schools refuse to teach correctly, persist in misrepresenting their creed, they are strong enough to make the welkin ring, and where they are in a majority it is a somewhat deafening ring.

The sundering of our free school system, the dividing of the

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public funds, the recognition of sects in the administration of the Government would be the death-blow of the Republic, would mark the failure of the American experiment. Because this issue is one of vital importance, it should be freed from every entangling alliance, from every superfluous and incidental side question, that it may win on its merits, and not lose on any subordinate demerit. To heed every just demand is not to compromise, but to strip for the fight—in resistance to unjust demand. Never, never should our schools yield one jot or tittle to distinction of sect, to recognition of sect; but a first requisite for maintaining this position is not to allow sectarianism to creep stealthily within, while we are sturdily beating it back without the schools.

But, says the confident Protestant, the Protestant view *is* the true one. The Roman Catholics persistently misrepresent history. They do not want the truth because it condemns themselves. They must gloss it over for self-justification. Are we to bring up our children in ignorance because Roman Catholics are unwilling to face the truth?

To a certain extent, yes. The differences between Protestants and Catholics are not to be fought out in the public school. There are times, seasons, fields for this fight; but the public school is not one of them. Truth is of the first importance. If any truth of history is so hidden, remote, doubtful, that we cannot come to an agreement about it, far better to leave it alone than to teach as indisputably true what, at best, is only disputably true. If there is so much to be said on each side that neither side can convince the other, the only resource is to suppress both sides or insert both sides. To force either side to accept the other's view is mere absolute despotism; is to re-enact the drama of Galileo, with the Boston School Board for the Holy Office and with Roman Catholic Galileos. In the realm of thought is no rule of the majority.

There are plenty of undisputed topics. With entire unanimity, all creeds permit two and two to make four. No good Catholic, Jew, or Agnostic will forbid the nominative case to govern the verb in number and person. The most pugilistic, not to say partisan churchman, will never bring the Tropic of Capricorn to bear on the ballot-box. Even in history, there are statements on which all sects could stand, though they are harder to find. The backbone of my own historical knowledge has hitherto been that Columbus

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discovered America ; but as testimony is coming in now, the only reallly certain thing about it seem to be that whoever deserves the credit of discovering America, it was not Columbus.

It is not necessary to teach history in the public school; but it is necessary that the public school should live. To live, it must be absolutely non-partisan in religion, in politics, in science, in everything. We should resent the introduction of free trade or tariff teachings into the public school text-book. We should not permit the Congregationalist to teach that his is the only true Apostolic Church. We would not permit the Roman Catholic to declare to our children that the Constitution of the United States is an atheistic and reprehensible instrument. Just as important is it that we forbid the Protestant teacher to declare that the Roman Catholic Church teaches the indulgence of sin.

This is not interfering with freedom of speech. It is preventing interference with the freedom of schools. Our public schools, like all our institutions, and more than some of them, depends for its lasting strength upon the love and loyalty of all the people. The very essence of the common school is community. Nothing should ever be taught in schools supported by the common fund except that which is accepted by the common faith. If there were as large a number of geographies maintaining that the earth is flat as there are Roman Catholics maintaining that Protestant-Catholic history is false, this round world ought to be spun out of the common schoolroom quicker than any surreptitious marble taw in the hand of an agile and mischievous schoolboy, though we diminish thereby no jot or tittle of our faith that the earth is round.

Whatever makes the public school odious weakens its hold. Nothing can make it so odious as attacks upon the religious, whether or not false, faith of any of its supporters. If the attacks are well founded they are altogether out of place. If they are ill-founded they have no place.

There is not only a certain *ought,* but a possible *must.* We live under the reign of the majority, and when the majority is Roman Catholic it is as certain as the going down of the sun that they will not permit the public schools to teach what the Church holds to be false. It would be more intelligent for a Protestant majority in power to countermand such teaching because it is not pertinent, than to wait till it becomes a minority and find that it is

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not possible. Our schools could well afford to relinquish all control of contested statements and give the time and mind thus spared to a mastery of the methods by which facts are ascertained. We could well afford to let Luther take his chances for the future if the minds of the rising generation could be taught the laws of evidence, the proprieties of argument, the rectitude of debate, the meaning, the use, and the weight of words.

If this is absolutely impracticable, if men say this is the only time and place in which our children can learn history, then the next best thing is to do with history as is already done with the Bible in the schools where Roman Catholic parents desire it, use a Catholic as well as a Protestant version of history. We must have the Douay as well as the d'Aubigny rendering of Luther and the Reformation. If parents insist that their children shall travel over controverted fields each party must be allowed to choose its side of the controversy. Anything else would be an attempt to enslave opinion. There are great disadvantages attending this course. There will probably be some unedifying spectacles of infantine debate, more earnest than convincing. But there would also be advantages. Each side would know that there was another side; which is something—which is more than that, suggestive. This is practically all they would know. Neither side would be compelled to learn the other, and the ingenuous mind of youth is not largely given to learning from its school book more than is required. But a few would look at the other side, and the many would have a greater respect for opponents who could quote as largely and cite as learnedly as themselves.

My own theory of common-school education could omit the whole history of the Protestant and Catholic churches without missing anything of value to our common-school system or to our other cherished institutions. No system of public schools can survive the narrow intellectual tyranny of forcing both sides of a controverted history to accept, as unquestioned truth, the belief of either side.

Let every vestige of sectarianism be not only willingly but eagerly and thoroughly removed from the public school; and then let us, if need be, stand for the unsectarian public school with hand to the sword.

GAIL HAMILTON.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

COQUELIN AND HADING.

THE Comedie Française is recognized as the academy of the stage, where the purity of French speech is preserved, and the mimetic art is cultivated and perfected. It adopts the best actors and actresses, when they have been made so elsewhere. It has become an article of faith to believe in its supremacy and to bow before its dignity. But perfection means, among other things, immobility, and progress is life; when that ceases, dissolution sets in. The resignation of Sara Bernhart and M. Coquelin, and the disintegration acknowledged to be going on within the company of the Theatre Français seems to indicate that great conservative institution has served its purposes.

Fifty years ago, a group of artists, distinguished by their independence of the great Dramatic Pantheon, was formed on the Boulevards; at its head stood Frederick Lematre; to it adhered Lafont, Madame Dowal, Madame Georges, Madame Guyon, Madame Albert, Laferriere, Melingue, Rose Cheri, Desclees, Charles Fechter, and others not less conspicuous nurselings of popular affection. This may be called the romantic school, to distinguish its method, if it had any, from the classic school of the Theatre Français. It was the natural outcome of the age, and its high priests were Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas. Some of these distinguished favorites were enticed from the Boulevard into the Salle Moliere, where, like leading men of the House of Commons when elevated into the Lords, they lost their prominence and retired into dignified obscurity. Madame Hading and M. Coquelin afford us a charming opportunity to compare these two schools of acting, and incidentally to measure with the standards they exhibit our own Anglo-American method, of which Burton, Blake, and Jefferson present familiar examples.

M. Coquelin, a very distinguished member of the great French Academy, is so correct a mimic, that he seems to have reduced the art of acting to one of the exact sciences. He is a doctrine on action, and works like a piece of exquisite machinery. In articulation and elocution his diction is perfect. In gesture, posture, grimacial power, he is minutely admirable. If he be lacking in pathos, let it be remembered that the classic comedy is purely comic and anti-pathetic. The art of mingling tears and smiles is a discovery of the present age—it is an innovation, and belongs to the romantic school. This admixture is hysterical of its nature, and cannot be machine-made; being, therefore, uncontrollable by art, it is regarded as irregular, and forms no part of the discipline of the classic comedian.

D'Israeli once remarked that Gladstone had no redeeming vices, no endearing weaknesses; and M. Coquelin in his art exhibits a similar disheartening perfec-

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tion. He is more admirable than charming, for charm is an indefinite quality not measurable by rule or by school; it is appreciable by sympathy. It is a matter of temperament; it belongs to a human being as odors belong to a flower; it is a natural gift, which may be affected injuriously by instruction. I have just met with a young person, not out of her teens, who of course knows little or nothing about acting in its artistic sense, but she possesses a fund of natural pathos so powerful that she may be regarded as a dramatic dynamo charged with sympathetic fluid. This young lady can for a single scene of passional power rise above the level of Bernhardt and reach very nearly to the sublime plane of Rachel; for let it be known to this generation that Sara is to Rachel as the sleek and graceful panther is to the royal Bengal tiger.

The spasm or great throb which excites the exquisite sympathy of the spectator is not always at the command of the artist who may possess this power, for it is rather an emotional effect of nature than of art. In some it is only momentary, in others it is a prolonged paroxysm. Therefore it is excluded from the classic school of comedians as being repugnant to control; they point out that the artist, being scarcely master of his passion, betrays for the moment that it has become the master of him. Then his helplessness is manifest in the commission of some fault which they pronounce to be a blemish, but the public seize on with admiration.

That M. Coquelin is a very great artist is indisputable; that he is a great actor is a question on which it is permitted to the two schools to divide.

Madame Hading will be a much greater actress than she allows herself to be at present. Some performers have the dual power to be present amongst the audience looking at themselves on the stage, listening to themselves. The absence of this part of them is sensibly felt and resented by the public. The critics call it self-consciousness and circumspection. Madame Hading is afflicted with it; it belongs to her novitiate. In some novices it becomes constitutional; with her the artistic power will soon assert itself, and when her fine gown will not accommodate itself to her action, she will tear it into shape; this when her soul is not in corsets and her face is no longer under the mask of pigmentary beauty. Between her and nature there is only vanity; between Coquelin and nature there is a principle and a creed.

We, in the Anglo-American school, believe that each artist is fitted by physical gifts and inclination to fill a certain line of characters and region of emotion. Thus, we hold the same tragedian is not capable of performing equally well the intellectual *Hamlet* and the sensual *Othello*. The passions of *Shylock*, *Richard the Third* and the *Moor* found their issue in Edmund Kean, who failed to personify the dignity of *Hamlet* and *Coriolanus* and was unequal to all the requisites of *Lear*. We believe that no person can sink his personality, but it must permeate all his efforts. The actor cannot, therefore, suit all parts, but only those for which he is physically and sympathetically cast by nature. The elder French classic school insists that the actor should quiet his personality and endure another moral and physical being. We hold this effort may produce rather an outward and visible form than the inward and spiritual grace of the character, whereby the eye of the spectator will be deceived with the mask, the "little bits of business," and the movement of an artificial figure. Those who remember Burton in *Captain Cuttle*, Blake in *Jesse Rural*, or Jefferson in *Rip Van Winkle*, will understand how the personality of the actor was apparent without affecting the portrait he represented, even as the personality of Vandyk or Landseer is present in every work of each of these painters. The greater the artist, the greater the personality. This the elder branch school repudi-

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ates and denies. Again, we ignore the presence of the audience as much as possible, even in our soliloquies, while both the French schools emphatically acknowledge and address the public, making it what may be called, in Irish, a silent interlocutor.

I have elsewhere deprecated the vain pretense that acting is an effusion uncontrolled by art; but, with great deference to the old school, I deny that it is a purely artistic process uninspired by "a fine phrenzy." To reconcile the two operations is the method of the romantic school of Young France, and of the Anglo-American school in this country; where I contend that, in comedy, our study of nature is more close and more faithful, and, if the term may be used, more effortless, than we find in either of the French methods.

DION BOUCICAULT.

II.

THE REGENERATION OF THE COOKING-STOVE.

DURING the first eight months of 1888 we took out of our Pennsylvania hills 23,619,291 tons of anthracite. During the year, at least 38 million tons were distributed among our shops, railroads, steamboats and kitchens.

It may be humiliating to confess it, but our civilization is to-day founded on a fire-pot. Beauty would faint were it not for the kitchen range, and wit grow cold without the furnace fire. Trade at the arts would stand still were it not for the steam boiler.

When in 1828 Neilson patented his hot blast the steel rail became possible, and without the rail the Republic would be impossible.

When an oil lamp is lighted, the wick must be turned down, because, as we all know, the flame in a few moments grows brighter and hotter. The lamp is a hot blast in little. The oil rising in the wick approaches a small zone of high temperature, and is turned into a gas. This gas chemically unites with the oxygen of the air, and the result is heat and light. The fixtures about the flame soon become heated, and the air passing through the brass work takes up a part of this heat. As a result, the oxygen meets the oil at a higher temperature, and the chemical action is more rapid, hotter. Neilson's idea was an inspiration. He heated the air blast blown into a furnace, and got more heat out of his coal.

Other men went further, and in gas-fired furnaces heated the gas as well as the air, and, developing Neilson's hot blast, gave us the modern high temperature regenerative furnaces. A few years ago Siemens applied the idea to gas lamps. A regenerative gas lamp is one in which the gas and air are both raised to a high temperature before they reach the burner. The result of this regeneration is more light and heat at a material saving of gas.

All combustion is now thought to be really the burning of a gas. The lighted match brought to the candle wick vaporizes the wax, and it unites with the oxygen to give heat and light. The wick then becomes a gas producer. Practically, every lamp is a gas lamp. The poet, toasting his shins before the hearth, may sing of the blazing hickory, but his back-log and fore-stick are only gas works in little, and the crackle and singing of the fire are only the blowing up of miniature gas tanks.

With the exception of a simple form of hot-blast steam boiler furnace invented in this country, the regenerative idea has not spread beyond a few gas lamps and the high-temperature furnaces in glass works, iron works and steel mills. And yet we are told that, at our present enormous output of anthracite, we shall see our mines exhausted in less than a hundred years. Of all this vast tonnage burned

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in our steam boilers and ranges, only an infinitely small percentage gives us useful heat. The American cook stove is perhaps the best thing of its kind ever invented, and yet it is a scientific shame. We probably use up every day in the year fifty times the fuel actually needed to make the morning coffee and rolls of the nation. Of course, there are many causes for this waste, but chief among them is the fact that we use cold-blast stoves. Every housemother knows that the fire burns better in a hot stove than in one just started—because the air needed for combustion is warmer, because in a certain way the stove makes its own hot blast.

Why does not some bright stovemaker copy the regenerative gas lamp, and make his products of combustion heat his blast? How it may be done is not here to say. It can be done, and the man who will do it will be a second Neilson. Furthermore, hot fuel is better than cold fuel, just as a hot blast is better than cold air. The coming cook-stove will be a regenerative stove—probably a gas stove—and when it comes cooking will be a pleasure as well as a fine art, adding greatly to the general sum of happiness around the national breakfast table.

This way lies the path of progress. Our system of getting fuel out of the ground is wasteful enough. Our common method of burning it is wasteful to the last degree, wasteful of time, labor, comfort, temper and money. The regeneration of the cook-stove is worthy of our highest scientific thought and study.

CHARLES BARNARD.

III.

COFFEE-DRINKING AND BLINDNESS.

HAVING for the past fifteen years made a special and continuous study of diseases of the eye, and the morbific agencies affecting that organ, I must confess surprise at the novel and startling claims of Dr. J. M. Holaday in his article upon "Coffee-Drinking and Blindness," in the September number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. The statements of the writer in relation to the effects of coffee-drinking upon the eye, find little or no support in the testimony of the great body of learned oculists whose evidence upon the subject of ophthalmology certainly deserve some consideration. There is a positiveism and almost dogmatism in the writer's assertions that would seem to demand more accuracy of physiological statement, and more amplitude of clinical evidence than he adduces in their support, and personal idiosyncrasy renders many common articles of food poisonous to some persons, while the same articles are health-giving and almost indispensable to others; and the facts which the author sets forth in regard to the influence of coffee upon his vision only emphasizes this general law. He says: "I have no doubt but what this weakness of the eyes, which results from coffee-drinking, is due to the sympathy which the optic nerve has for the nasal cavity." If in his physiological researches the writer has established the facts set forth in this claim, he owes it to the cause of humanity to enlighten the medical profession upon the intricacies of the mysterious path by which he has reached the important discovery. He further says, "The brain, again, is intensely affected thereby (coffee-drinking), because the principal nerves of the brain branch off from the nasal cavity." To our mind, neither the physiological nor anatomical fibre of this quotation would suffer from further elucidation. His graphic description of the "slim and ghastly" multitude of "runts," with "eyes and features rendered flat" by coffee-drinking, meets a daily refutation in the stalwart, bright and full-eyed multitude, who have reveled for a life-time in the delectable aroma of this subtle and "death-dealing" coffee, with no thought of surrendering either their beverage or their vision. Again, in the face of the experience of the whole military world to the contrary, our author makes the assertion that coffee militates against "a muscular

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inspiration and prowess." While no intelligent person will deny that the excessive use of coffee has an injurious effect upon the entire nervous system, upon all the special senses not confined to the eye, and upon all the vital functions of the human organism, or that in some rare idiosyncracies it proves extremely poisonous, yet the general sentiment of the people, fortified by the experience of mankind, will place the brand of extravagance upon the claims of the article under discussion, and a great army of lively and robust "runts" will continue to thrive in all functional health and activity on that popular beverage known as coffee.

HAYES C. FRENCH, M.D.

IV.

WHOSE ENGLISH—PRESIDENT'S OR QUEEN'S?

THE Note and Comment in the October REVIEW, entitled "President's English," was remarkably entertaining, and it is not without interest to note that the peculiarity of President Cleveland's English is to an extent equaled by the peculiar diction noted by Mr. Archibald Ballantyne in "Longman's Magazine."

Mr. Ballantyne is not writing about President Cleveland, but about a British parson named William Barnes, "who was an enthusiast for the strictly English element in the English language."

"What we want," said Mr. Barnes, "for the pulpit as well as for the book, and the platform, and the people, is a pure, homely, strong Saxon-English of English stems, such as would be understood by common English minds and touch English hearts"; and as a specimen of what the English language would be under such conditions, he translates into the vernacular of his own parish one of Her Most Gracious Majesty's speeches to Parliament. His version runs as follows, and for grotesqueness it is not unworthy of a place beside the President's speech of acceptation:

(1.) My Lords and Gentlemen: The satisfaction with which I ordinarily release you from discharging the duties of the Session is, on the present occasion, qualified by a sincere regret that an important part of your labors should have failed to result in a legislative enactment.

The lightheartedness I do mwostly veel when I do let ye off vrom the business upon your hands in the Sessions is theäse time a little bit damped, owen to a ranklen in my mind that a goodish lot o' your work vell short o' comen into anything lik laws.

(2.) The most friendly intercourse continues to subsist between myself and all foreign powers.

The very best o' veelens be still a-kept up in deälens between myzelf an' all o' the outlandish powers.

(3.) Diplomatic relations have been resumed with Mexico, and a preliminary agreement has been signed, providing for the negotiation of a new treaty of commerce and navigation.

Zome deälèns have a-been a-took up ageän wi' Mexico, an' we've bwoth a-put our hands to an understanden-like that we'd meäke a new bargain about treäde and seafeärèn.

(4.) I have to lament the failure of the efforts which were made by the European Powers assembled in the recent conference, to devise means for restoring that equilibrium in the finances of Egypt which is so important an element in its well-being and good order.

I can't but be ever so zorry that nothèn come out o' the doèns o' the Girt Powers o' Europe that put their heads together tother day in the girt talking and tryèn to vind out zome wäy o' puttèn to rights ageän the money-stock ov Egypt, a thing that do goo so vur towards the well-beèn and well'doèn o't.

(5.) I continue to view with unabated satisfaction the mitigation and diminution of agrarian crime in Ireland, and the substantial improvement in the condition of its people.

I do still zee to my unlessened happiness how vield crimes be a milden'd and a lessen'd in Ireland, and in what a soundly bettered plight be the vo'k.

Mr. Barnes himself can do better than President or Queen, as appears from a specimen of his own workmanship:

The mind strength and body worksomeness of the Saxon, which are of great might for good when well spent, need a training in wisdom to keep them from mis-

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chief. The Saxon's mind . . . is destructive, and his sprackness wants the guidance of refined thought. . . . Thence it is that seats put out at towns are often wantonly wrenched asunder, that bars and stiles are notched by bearers of an axe, that the guide-post is upset, and coping stones are pushed off bridge walls, and trees and shrubs are damaged, and the limb sprackness is spent in whittling sticks.

If Mr. Barnes' ideas were carried out we might look for a new and enlarged edition of the dictionary. Here are some of the changes he would make:

Electricity	Fire-ghost.	Perambulator	Push-wainling.
Superannuated	Overyeary.	Magnificent	High-deedy.
Democracy	Folkdom.	Statics	Weightcraftlore.
Criticism	Deemsterhood.	Quadrangle	Fourwinkle.
Botany	Wortlore.	Generations	Child-teams.
Telegram	Wire-spell.	Annals	Year-bookings.
Altercation	Brangle.	Enthusiasm	Faith-heat.
Haughty	Overmindy.	Butler	Cellar-thane.
Omnibus	Folkwain.	Appendix	Hank-matter.
Semi-detached houses	House-twin.	Ambassador	Statespellman.
Active	Sprack.	Epidemic	Manqualm.

Of all this, Mr. Ballantyne says what may be equally applicable to the "I," "my," "me," and "myself" of the President's speech—"an author who instead of using his own (native) language in its richest and truest literary form takes up *a linguistic fad . . . makes his work provincial instead of literary.*"

GEOFFREY CHAMPLIN.

V.

A CHOICE OF EVILS.

INTEMPERANCE is a great evil, but it is not the greatest. It is chiefly a physical disease, and can be cured. Prohibitory legislation always evokes two greater evils than the evil it seeks to exterminate. If the laws are rigidly enforced, they breed a brood of hypocrites; if they are dead letters, they engender a contempt for law. I have so profound a respect for individual freedom that I would rather see the whole nation drunk from deliberate choice, than any man sober from compulsion; and I have so profound a respect for personal integrity that I would rather see a thousand drunkards than a single hypocrite. Drunkards sometimes reform; but hypocrites have lost even the capacity to reform; they are like girdled trees, and rotten to the core. Drunkenness is only a mental skin disease. A prohibition law will only be both successful and not worse than drunkenness when it is passed and enforced by every individual *for himself*.

EDWARD F. HADMAN.

VI.

THE AGE OF MENDACITY.

IT is easily susceptible of proof that there is to-day far more lying and misrepresentation of what we may term a professional type than there has ever been before. If figures are demanded it is only necessary to glance at any of the daily journals, run the eye casually, as it were, over the columns, note the number of easily detected falsehoods therein contained and multiply by the total alleged circulation as given in the sworn statement at the head of the day's issue. More than this, if each paper is read by several different persons it is fair still farther to increase the estimate, for a lie is surely a lie every time it is repeated. Thus by a very simple arithmetical process it is possible to show that millions of falsehoods—clad in all the authority that printer's ink still carries for many minds—are sent out daily upon their mission to distort the truth, if not directly to promulgate actual falsehood. During a political campaign of course this practice of journalistic lying is vastly increased, for the pernicious doctrine that justifies mendacity for political purposes has its natural effect. It is regarded as "good journalism" to print in

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"deadly parallel columns" all the falsehoods perpetrated by one's "esteemed contemporary," but the withdrawal or correction of one's own lapses, intentional or otherwise, is very bad journalism indeed.

But the journalistic liar is not the only professional of his class. Side by side with him stands the lawyer, and it is by no means certain that the latter should not take precedence when it comes to down-right scientific work. His training from the very outset contemplates the defense of clients known to be in the wrong; contemplates in other words the suppression of the truth and the promulgation of deliberate falsehoods in open court with the avowed intention of misleading the jury.

The writer has heard a lawyer in private conversation exult over the fact that, knowing a man to be a particularly brutal murderer, he had secured a verdict of manslaughter through his management of the defense. Probably most of the lawyers who read these lines will not be at all in sympathy with the lay sentiment that revolts at such a standard of professional honor. For the lawyer, indeed, there is some shadow of excuse, his training and practice lead up to falsification by degrees almost imperceptible. In many civil cases both sides may frequently believe themselves to be in the right, and there are often nice shades of meaning in testimony, documentary and otherwise, that afford abundant opportunity for honest difference of opinion. A few years of experience in such lines of thought must, almost of necessity, blunt the legal conscience, until its proprietor, perhaps, does not hesitate to justify himself—nay, to feel a certain pride in undertaking the defense of a client whom he knows to be a rascal, or of a corporation which he knows is guilty of buying up legislatures. It is an accepted axiom of law that every party to a suit has a right to tell his own story in his own way, but a true standard of professional honor should disbar any one who attempts to keep a self-confessed criminal out of prison, or who attempt to mitigate the just punishment of any transgressor, be he individual or corporate.

There are of course professional liars in this complex civilization of ours, outside of journalism and the law, but these two are conspicuous from the necessary conditions of their respective callings, and while they are permitted, nay encouraged to persevere, the popular regard for truth must of necessity deteriorate.

HOWARD PALIN.

VII.

A SEVEN-SIDED PARADOX.

I. THERE are three hundred colleges in the United States, with all the appliances for the highest learning, and any young man, of however limited means, can manage to obtain a reasonably good education. Their thousands of graduates are in every conceivable occupation, and include men who are eminent among the world's scholars, philosophers and statesmen. Yet in choosing a president four years ago we managed to bestow the office upon one who had never seen the inside of a college nor made up the deficiency by private study.

II. Our country contains profound lawyers, and brilliant ones, who have practiced in our highest courts and even appeared before international tribunals. Yet we have given the chief magistracy to a lawyer who had never succeeded in gaining more than a moderate practice in one of the smaller cities.

III. Our two houses of Congress contain statesmen of long experience, exhaustive knowledge, and great skill. But all that they can determine upon after the most careful deliberation, we submit to the whims and prejudices of a vetoer who has never been a member of any legislative body, and who exhibits a marvelous ignorance both of general history and of legislative precedent.

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IV. A few years ago we were engaged in a terrible war for the life of the nation, in which more than two million of our citizens bore an active part. In nearly every State there are men who risked their lives for their country and distinguished themselves on the battlefield, and who now in maturer years are showing daily proofs of ability and integrity in their various callings. But instead of giving our highest prize to any of these, we have bestowed it upon one who stood aloof from the great struggle, though he was a brawny young man with no special ties to detain him at home.

V. The Democratic party offered in succession, as presidential candidates, George B. McClellan, Horatio Seymour, Horace Greeley, Samuel J. Tilden and Winfield S. Hancock, and with each of them it was defeated. When it offered a candidate who could stand no comparison with any one of them, either in public services or in private character, it was successful.

VI. We have many citizens in public life who, both by instinct and by breeding, are gentlemen in the worthiest sense of the word. But to represent us in our highest office, and receive the ministers from foreign courts, we have chosen a man whose vulgarity and lack of breeding are conspicuous at every turn, from the clumsy wit of his veto messages to his ostentatious disregard of the Christian Sabbath.

VII. A considerable number of citizens who professed to be intent upon a great reform gave their confidence and their votes to the candidate of a party that, so far from being identified with any reform, has opposed every one that has ever been effected. The President thus seated has openly, notoriously, and systematically disappointed every expectation on which he gained independent votes, and has brought about his own renomination through the ordinary machinery of the lowest class of politicians. Yet most of those sanguine reformers are preparing to vote for him a second time.

Solution.—There are but two possible explanations of this cumulative paradox. Either the dishonesty of the so-called Independent surpasses all that has ever been laid to the charge of the strictest partisan, or else we are undergoing an epidemic of political insanity.

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

VIII.

WITH FOUR GREAT MEN.

HENRY CLAY.

I HAVE interviewed seven Presidents of the United States, two or three kings and queens, including his Majesty of Dahomey, and the Queen of the Sandwich Islands.

My first experiment in interviewing a great man was an amateur one—I have since practiced it professionally—about forty-five years ago, and was on Henry Clay. He was at Saratoga, and I determined to see and talk with him. I cannot remember the name of the hotel, but I know it was not the leading one of the place, and the servants were all blacks, and very proud of their great guest, guarding him with a vigilance which only a negro knows.

Whether the man to whom I applied for an audience with the great statesman was Mr. Clay's own man, or not, I do not know, but his majesty informed me most positively that,

"Yer keyant see Mass Clay, sah! less yer sen up yer kyard an yer business."

The first I complied with, the last I hesitated about, but finally said that I

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had no business, but curiosity to see the great man. After the servant had been upstairs a few minutes, I saw a head bent over the balusters of the first floor, which I knew to be Mr. Clay's by his portraits, and was aware that he was making an inspection of me, which inspection was immediately followed by the mention of my name and the invitation to "Come up!"

Mr. Clay was in his shirt sleeves, without a vest, his suspenders hanging loose, his hair awry, and in a pair of cloth slippers that looked as though they might have been in the wars; but, with all this, there was a light that beamed in his face unmistakably of intellect, and notwithstanding the unpicturesqueness of his square-cut mouth, when he smiled, he smiled all over. He stood in the entry until I had mounted the stairs, then advanced and took my hand, not releasing it until we had reached his room, during which time I was endeavoring to make some sort of apology for my early call, and he as earnest in assuring me that I had done right, and that he was glad to see me, which I by my vanity and by his earnestness was made to believe, and when he had led me to a chair and apologized for going on with his dressing while he talked, I felt perfectly at my ease.

I always have thought since there was a sublime policy in all that interview. He talked for history, as if he knew that the time would come when I would tell it to thousands, and that it would be to his interest to make an impression. He started out as with the idea, not so much of talking himself as making me talk, and began by asking me my business, or profession. At that time I was an artist, in a branch that led me into intimate connection with engraving on wood, then an art in its infancy, having less than two score of devotees, but since increased to a thousand, or more, in this country. He questioned and listened, went on with his toilet, and suggested ideas until, as I found that he was dressed, I rose to go, looked at my watch and saw, to my astonishment, that I had been there an hour and a quarter, but yet the great man had made me feel that I had not bored him, but, on the contrary, that he had been pleased with the talk.

Whether this was the perfection of policy and politeness combined, I cannot tell, or whether it was all real; but, when I was going, he asked earnestly for my address in New York, which, when he had received, he promised that whenever he came to that city he would call on me and have another talk. He came here half a dozen of times afterwards, but the call never came off. Years afterward I was telling of this interview and promise to Thurlow Weed, and the old man laughed. "Yes!" he said, "that was like Henry; he always sent everybody from him charmed, because he made them think he was charmed with them." I have no doubt this was true, though it was a wet blanket on my vanity.

WM. MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

A second damper was one administered by Thackeray, to whom I was once telling of this interview with Clay, and his mournful remark to me on the penalties of greatness, the greatest of which was that he never was alone, even in the sanctity of his own bedroom; he did not know but "somebody might be peeping through the keyhole." I ventured to say that such a feeling must be terrible. and a living nightmare. "Oh!" said Thackeray, "*you* need never fear that."

As I was then in the first flush and vanity of my literary career, I felt as if the remark was impertinent; but it was Thackeray all over; he never missed the chance.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

My next contact with a great man, where I felt as if politeness, without policy, redeemed everything, was with Abraham Lincoln in 1861, when everybody flocked to Washington, and I, among the rest, on what I thought was national

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business, but what I am now inclined to believe was entirely my own. I had little experience in approaching great men, and what I did have had always been attended with success. I wanted to see the President, and I made my way directly to the White House, thinking I had only to announce that I was there, and be received with open arms.

I found a crowd of men, women, and officers in uniform about the corridors, and asked one of them where I could find Mr. Lincoln. He pointed to a door that stood ajar, and I went to it without thinking where it might lead to, and pushed it further open. As I afterward learned, the doorkeeper had only that moment left his post to go into the next room for an instant. As I looked in, I saw a tall, gaunt individual sitting at a table in the middle of the room, looking over some papers. He said nothing, but beckoned with his finger, and as his portrait was not then as familiar as it was afterward, I did not recognize him. I went to him, and he asked me, as I then thought, in a slight tone of irritation, "What do you want?" I answered that I wanted Mr. Lincoln. "I am Mr. Lincoln," he said, more pleasantly. I at once dashed into my business, and dispatched it in as few words as possible, all of which I had rehearsed before, and though, as I now know, it could not have interested him in the least, he listened with profound attention. When I had finished, he scratched a few words on a piece of paper, signed it A. L., and handed it to me with the simple words, "Take that to Mr. Cameron."

At that moment, as I rose to my feet, a man entered with two cups and saucers, a plain tin pot, and the usual paraphernalia for tea or coffee.

"Take a cup of tea, Colonel?" said the great man. At that moment I thought of the old story told of some afterward celebrated marshal, with whom Napoleon made the same mistake; and as I was only trying to be a colonel, my airy, fairy scheme being to organize a regiment of compositors, pressmen, writers, and general newspaper men, to disseminate Northern newspapers, and their ideas, as we advanced into regained territory, why I thought it a good chance to get off the old story on the president, and said, "In what regiment, Mr. President?"

"Oh! that will all come in good time," he answered, with a little laugh. "This is not a thing of a day."

I thanked him, and sat down to my coffee, saying something about intruding. His answer was:

"I'll tell you when to go. I guess I've learned that in this place, if I've learned nothing else. Beside that, I think you've learned something from the well-bred dog, and you know he always got out before he was kicked out."

The coffee was finished, and very bad coffee it was, during the drinking of which we had a little talk about coffee, and how to make it, in which he agreed with me that it was in the making, not in the coffee itself, and related how, when he was a young man, after traveling all night, cramped up in a stage, in southern Illinois, he stopped at a small wayside inn, where he had fried chicken, buckwheat cakes and coffee for breakfast.

"Such coffee, sir! to say nothing of the buckwheat cakes and chicken, I had never before tasted. It was delicious, and as I found out afterward was simply made from parched rye."

I did not say anything to Mr. Lincoln about his having been cooped up all night, and being cold and hungry, but I had a suspicion that this may have had something to do with the coffee.

The coffee dispatched I again rose to go. He took my hand very solemnly, and said, as I went out: "Don't mind Cameron if he's cross. He has a great deal to trouble him. Let me know how it turns out."

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SIMON CAMERON.

And now from the great man who was naturally polite and amiable, I sped to the small one who was born snappish, and snobbish, and made every body about him the same way. On the route to him, at the War Department, I looked at the paper Mr. Lincoln had written. It read : "Examine, I think well of this. A. L."

I made my way, under surveillance, as though I was suspected of wishing to steal, to Mr. Cameron's door, and was met by a surly Irishman or Scotchman, who told me, as though he was himself the Secretary of War, that Mr. Cameron was engaged, and to my farther questions as to when I could see him, replied, with a scowl, that he did not know. "Come back in a week."

"See here, my friend," I said, "You don't seem to have any idea about time. Have you got a watch?"

"No!" was the snarling answer.

"Well, take this one," I said, detaching my own, and slipping it into his willing hand. "It may help you to count time for a man who has none to spare."

"Come back in half an hour," he said, with a grim smile, as he slipped my ticker into his pocket.

I came back in half an hour, and was admitted to the little, great man, who, as the very extreme of Mr. Lincoln, sat enthroned in an immense velveted and gilded chair, surrounded by half a dozen clerks and lackeys, and bearing upon his face a look half of weariness, half of contempt. I was not asked to sit down, and delivered my credentials, Mr. Lincoln's bit of paper. He took it superciliously, glanced at it, and said, "Well, what is it?" and commenced to speak in an undertone to one of his lackeys. Those who have been placed in a similar position can imagine that I did not tell my story very clearly. I was simply overawed by snobbery, and when the principal snob sneered and said, "It's all nonsense!" I backed out, and went upon my way satisfied that the struggle was over. At the door I met the now owner of my watch, who vouchsafed the inquiry as to how I made out, but when I answered "Not at all," I noticed that he studied time well enough to know how to keep it.

J. W. WATSON.

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BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

I.

MEN AND MEASURES OF HALF A CENTURY.

IT cannot be otherwise than pleasant to sit at the feet of a wise and observant man like the distinguished author of this handsome book,* and go over the ground traveled by him during an active and laborious fifty years of life. The tide of narrative flows evenly along these pages, and one gets the impression of being in the company of an exact and truthful historian. We have had an abundance of war books, and therefore the calm and frank opinions of a civilian and statesman, who served his country faithfully during a most critical period of her history, is especially entitled to attention, and in this instance will in the main command approval and admiration. Mr. McCulloch writes from personal observation and recollection only, and hence the scope of the work is much more limited than the title would suggest. Many men prominent in American affairs, to say nothing of other nations, are conspicuous by their absence from these chronicles. The author describes a circle radiating from himself as a centre, and abstains, perhaps wisely, from discussing either men or measures that do not revolve in some way around him. Thus the book is in no sense a history of the half century. A very large portion is occupied with personal opinions and judgments of men who figured prominently during the war, and it is only fair to say that in these estimates of men and measures he shows a kindly and sagacious spirit, though he does not throw much new light upon either. His defense of General McClellan as a military commander is interesting and worthy of attention. General Grant comes in for mingled praise and criticism, and the author has been at some pains to analyze the mental and moral fibre of that distinguished man. One of the passages of the work to which, in our view, exception might be taken, is that in which he condemns the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for certain articles on prominent public personages; but Mr. McCulloch is certainly entitled to his own opinions on that subject, and to the adoption of this method of expressing them.

II.

SCHOOLS OF CHRISTIAN THOUGHT.

THE publication by Messrs. Lee & Shepard of the suggestive books written twenty-four years ago by Miss Frances Power Cobbe and entitled "Broken Lights,"† is exceedingly timely. The recent controversy touching the Christian

* "Men and Measures of Half a Century." Sketches and Comments. By Hugh McCulloch. Secretary of the Treasury in the Administrations of Presidents Lincoln, Johnson and Arthur, Charles Scribner's Sons.

† "Broken Lights." An inquiry into the present condition and future prospects of religious faith. By Frances Power Cobbe.

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faith in the pages of this magazine has awakened wide and general interest, both among the clergy and laity, and opens the door for a freer discussion of fundamental religious principles, both within and without the Church, than has for many years been tolerated in this country. The different schools of Christian thought and philosophy prevalent in England a quarter of a century ago still exist, with an increasing tendency towards liberalism, as it is sometimes called, and the freedom of intellectual debate; and the division of parties sketched by Miss Cobbe is not at all inapplicable to this country, where, however, the lines of "orthodoxy" are still very finely laid down. Woe be to the clergyman in any of our "orthodox" American churches who should avow the principles of the "Essays and Reviews," or the party which our author describes as the Second Broad Church. The laity in America are content to follow implicitly the leadership of the clergy, and the palæologists, or adherents of the doctrine of a historical revelation and of the old theology, are strong and zealous for "the faith once delivered to the Saints." Nevertheless, many thoughtful men among our preachers and pastors already feel the foreshadowings and questionings indicated in this book, and are "biding the time" when they may speak with boldness words which, if spoken now, would assuredly cause them to be driven ruthlessly from their posts. We have not space to discuss the points raised in this treatise, but can have nothing but respect for the calm, judicial, and spiritual tone of these essays.

III.

DR. A. H. BRADFORD'S SERMONS.

THE modest and manly preface to Dr. Amory H. Bradford's book of sermons just issued* gives a feeling of expectancy to the reader which is not doomed to disappointment. Dr. Bradford says that "a rational and credible idea of God" "cannot be taught in the schools," and that yet "on clear views of God hang the glory and usefulness of human life." What he proposes in these sermons is to make clear that "God has manifested himself in a form which can be understood by men." By this he means discerned by the spiritual understanding, for, of course, if it could be made clear to the intellect it could be taught in the schools—as it is in a sense, taught. This distinction is important, and leads on to the second great purpose in the author's mind, namely, to show that the "Deity is never far from humanity," and that "the spiritual life is the life of God manifesting itself through the spirits of men." This sufficiently indicates the range of thought in these discourses. Little stress is laid on dogmatic theology, but the lines of discussion run parallel with the received dogmas of the evangelical school. In the sermon on Conditions of Spiritual Sight, we find mentioned Purity of Heart, Sincerity, Obedience, Self-surrender. Among the characteristics of the theological thought of the age the preacher enumerates first, The Supremacy of Christ; secondly, The Fatherhood of God; thirdly, a tendency to discuss duration as distinct from the nature of future punishment; and lastly, a return to the doctrine that Christ's Spirit is to abide in his disciples, leading them into all truth. The discourse on the Incarnation does not give a precise definition of that doctrine; on the other hand, we are told that there is apparently the most sublime disregard in the Bible as to whether the Incarnation and the Atonement are understood or not. "In some unknown way" "omnipresent Deity manifested Himself through a human body." The reader will find in these sermons sensible and practical views of

* "Spirit and Life: Thoughts for To-day." By Amory H. Bradford, D.D. Fords, Howard & Hurlbert.

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Christian life and duty, and of the encouragements and consolation flowing from a humble acceptance of the Christian faith, rather than any strong or striking presentation of doctrine.

IV.

THE ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY.

WHOEVER may be the author of the anonymous novel entitled "Aristocracy,"* it certainly cannot be said that there is any disguise as to his motive and intention. The book is evidently written with the sole purpose of bringing the titled and privileged classes of England into contumely and contempt. When Thackeray drew his pen and ink sketches of the prevailing follies and vices of the *élite*, he at least signed his name, and thereby drew upon himself a great deal of criticism, but this attack is by a hidden assailant. Thackeray had the merit of genius, and his pictures are those of living types of men and women, with enough of light and shade about them to suggest variety of character and temperament. The same cannot be said of this unknown critic. A great and wealthy class of society, like the English aristocracy, stands in need of just such a whole souled and manly critic as the author of Vanity Fair, but one hardly gets the impression from Thackeray (as one does from *this* novel) that as a class the British nobility is entirely composed of men and women unworthy of respect. If the author of "Aristocracy" has drawn his sketches from living men and women—which is quite possible—he has been unfortunate in his associations; if he intends his readers to draw the conclusion that his pictures represent the aristocracy as a whole, we think he has undertaken too much. According to him the English nobleman is a mean, selfish, sensual, sordid, cowardly wretch of a man, and the English noblewoman little if any better. There are only two tolerably respectable people in the group he presents for our study. One of these is an American, a young man who is anything but a typical American, for he appears to be a wandering, aimless kind of a fellow, a man-flirt, the son of a millionaire Californian speculator, with nothing to do but amuse himself and spend his father's money. The other respectable personage is Lady Edith, a younger daughter of the Marquis of Oaktorrington (pronounced Otton), and who seems to have sufficient good sense to despise her relations. She falls in love with the captivating stranger at sight. The other characters are simply abominable, and the picture of fashionable society is that of a sink of corruption and of all kinds of meanness. Our countryman is "a middle-sized young man of eight and twenty," with "close-cropped brown hair" and "a small mustache." His complexion is pale and he wears "tortoise-shell rimmed eye-glasses." He picks up in America a real live lord who has been experimenting as a cow-boy on a Colorado ranch, and does not like it. "My lord" is young, almost penniless, and evidently out of his element, and the millionaire's son takes compassion on him and brings him back to his English home; and, after a series of misunderstandings and predicaments takes back to America the young man's sister. All this is well enough, and possibly some portion of English upper-class society is just what it is here set forth to be. If so, this book is a righteous rebuke; but if the types of aristocracy here represented are only exceptional, then the book is mischievous and malevolent. Let such books as these be multiplied and widely circulated in Britain, and the result, one would suppose, must be to bring about a righteous revolution. With hard times and suffering among the masses, and rampant profligacy in the upper ranks, the day of retribution cannot be far distant. But a more charitable and correct view would be that there are two widely distinct types of people among the

* "Aristocracy." A novel. D. Appleton & Co.

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British aristocracy, just as there are among the wealthy classes of America. There are plenty of rich people here whose manners and morals are decidedly vulgar, and, thank goodness, there are some of whom America need not be ashamed. Is it not more than likely that the aristocracy of the Old World comprises many great and good men, and noble and virtuous women, as well as the opposite?

V.

REMINISCENCES OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.

"THIRTY Years of Paris" hardly, perhaps, conveys as a title an idea of the subject-matter of M. Alphonse Daudet's book,* at least to the general reader, although the author's name is conspicuous on the paper cover. M. Daudet writes in an agreeable vein of himself as a man of letters, beginning with his entrance into Paris a lad of sixteen, resolved to achieve fame and fortune in literature. He had been an usher in a school and was a raw, country lad. Fortunately, he had an older brother in Paris, who took him for a time under his wing, and he was, therefore, saved from absolute starvation. His first real success in life was an engagement as a writer on *Figaro*, then under the editorial charge of Villemessant, a tyrannical and capricious man, who had no other principles than were begotten of his love of success and and power. Villemessant cared little for his literary staff, except to get brilliant work out of them, and as soon as any unfortunate *aide* showed signs of weakness he was summarily dismissed. This was in the "fifties," when Gambetta was making his mark, chiefly among the students of the Quartier Latin. "He was even then," says Daudet, "the man we have all known and admired. Rejoicing in life, rejoicing in talk, this loquacious Roman grafted on a Gallic stock intoxicated himself with the jingle of his own phrases, making the window panes vibrate with the noise of his thundering eloquence, most frequently ending in exuberant explosions of mirth. Both he and his friends were wholly absorbed in politics, and from the Quartier Latin they were already laying siege to the Tuileries."

From personal reminiscences and sketches the author glides into a narrative of the circumstances connected with the birth of his principal books. This species of talk generally proves to be entertaining if it come from out of the abundance of the heart, and M. Daudet's heart is full of love for his life-work. His great charm as a writer is his closeness to nature. His characters are all drawn from the life. He has often been compared with Charles Dickens, and, curiously enough, he was at one time driven almost to his wit's end to escape the charge of copying one of Dickens' characters. He is, however, no copyist. He gives in these memoirs the story of some of his best characters. There is also, towards the end of the book, an interesting account of an odd club of authors in Paris, then but little known, but all destined afterwards to become famous—Zola, Flaubert, Goncourt, Tourguéneff, and Daudet. Girardin wished to become a member, but as he was not a literary man was refused. The club met monthly at a dinner and styled their festival "the dinner of unsuccessful authors." They dined at seven and never separated before two in the morning. They discussed each other freely and without flattery or mutual admiration, and when they had exhausted themselves on bookish topics they branched off upon the ever present themes and ideas of love and death. Tourguéneff would stretch himself on the sofa and say, "Oh, I never think about death. In our country no one has any very distinct idea on

* Alphonse Daudet: "Thirty Years of Paris." George Routledge & Sons.

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the subject ; it is a vague, distant notion, enveloped in the Slavonic mist." It is curious to note the self-depreciatory tone in which these men honestly indulged. Daudet himself was the first to find himself popular. As he would answer the questions of the others as to the size of the editions of his works he began to feel almost like a culprit, and Zola would exclaim, "Our books will never sell !" No one was more delighted than Tourguéneff when he discovered that people read his works.

Altogether there is a singular charm about these recollections. The translation is admirably done by Laura Ensor, and the illustrations and off-hand sketches lighten up the pages wondrously well.

VI.

SOME RECENT FICTION.

AMONG the best of the numerous libraries for vacation reading may be named The Town and Country series of the Messrs. Appleton, the first four volumes of which are before us. If the first installment is a fair indication of the character of the series, it is safe to say that it does not contain trash, that its literary standard is good, and at times excellent, and that it furnishes clean reading in an inexpensive and convenient form.

"The Steel Hammer,"* which was published in Paris a year or two ago, and is now for the first time presented in an English version, is a detective story of the better class, and takes its name from the instrument with which a murder was supposed to have been committed in the Bois de Boulogne, near Paris. The suicide of the suspected murderer, and the haunted life of the real criminal, furnish material for some powerful dramatic situations, but the final denouement is reserved for the sequel, which constitutes the third of the series, and is entitled "For Fifteen Years."†

In this the novelist's art has made plausible the rather improbable scheme by which the widow and child of the innocent man are received into the household of the murderer by the wife, who vaguely suspects the truth, and for years the mask of friendship conceals the settled purpose of the two women, who are seeking, the one revenge, the other concealment. The few characters of the story are well and clearly drawn, and the book will prove of absorbing interest to the numerous lovers of this class of fiction.

Fewer points to commend are found in "Eve,"‡ a new English novel which has too frequent lapses into the regions of the improbable and too many blemishes of style to permit of classification with the best of the series. The plot is sufficiently involved and entertainingly wrought out, however, to hold the attention of the summer reader, and the leading personages are unusually well portrayed. The author's clumsy device of dumping his objectionable characters over a precipice in order to the final adjustment of the tangled state of affairs which he has helplessly woven, does not commend itself to the good sense of the reader.

In "A Counsel of Perfection"§ the reader experiences an agreeable surprise, for the decidedly neutral title is not likely to attract one. "Lucas Malet," the pen name of Mrs. Harrison, a daughter of the late Charles Kingsley, is the for-

* "The Steel Hammer." By Louis Ulbach. Translated from the French by E. W. Latimer. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

† "For Fifteen Years." A sequel to "The Steel Hammer." By Louis Ulbach New York: D. Appleton & Co.

‡ "Eve." A novel. By S. Baring-Gould. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

§ "A Counsel of Perfection." By Lucas Malet. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

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tunate possessor of a power of introspection combined, to an unusual degree, with a magnetic style. The sketches of travel in Switzerland, seen through the eyes of the heroine, who is the paternally oppressed daughter of a selfish, unreasonable bookworm, are charmingly told, and the general trend of the story proves, in retrospect, to have been entirely satisfactory. "The small, neat features" of Antony Hammond, when taken in hand by the old artist, Time, could never have stood for an ideal to the noble girl whose filial devotion teaches her to disregard them. And having asserted her independence, and vindicated her right to have a lover, the critic feels that nothing more could have been done for her. This number is by far the best of the series, from a literary standpoint, and though almost entirely devoid of incident, will meet the approval of a large class of readers who reject more highly flavored fiction.

In the Gainsborough series, "A Little Maid of Acadie"* contains the material for a charming pastoral tale, and at times one is almost forced to conclude that such a one has been produced, so dainty is the little François, and so enchanting some of the descriptions of Acadian scenery. Nothing could be more improbable than the sequence of events, which terminate so abruptly and which the most ordinary novelist should have been able to construct without the cumbrous *impedimenta* in the way of apologies with which the concluding pages are burdened.

A few pages of decrepit poetry, an entertaining, but highly improbable, tale of fashionable life at Newport, and two minor sketches, furnish an excuse for the artistic binding, gilt-edged leaves, and gold-lettered title of "Stray Leaves from Newport."†

The luxurious fancies and delightful unrealities of the Arabian Nights are reproduced in a translation of a Turkish romance.‡ The author of the "Mukhaygalat," of which the volume under consideration forms the second third, was a Cretan, and the author of several valuable treatises on mysticism, philosophy, and the sciences in which he was an adept. He died while on a diplomatic mission to Persia, in 1798. Through the ignorance and carelessness of his heirs, this book is the only one preserved to us. The collection is said to have been made with a view of exalting the occult sciences as practiced by the dervishes, but to the English reader, it will appear only as a series of marvelous and entertaining Oriental tales.

The first impression produced on reading "A Story of More Lives Than One"§ is that of the theatre-goer who steps behind the scenes and inspects the mechanical contrivances, by means of which the brilliant stage effects are produced. The author's motive is to show the terrible results of the pessimistic philosophy when practically wrought out in human life, as contrasted with those of the Christian believer. His prelude is, however, so extended and so minutely descriptive of his plans and purposes in writing, that the whole story is anticipated before the first chapter is finished. The characters are unreal creations, entirely lacking in perspective and coloring, and the didactic conversations which are forced into their mouths have no appearance of being the product of their own brains. Mr. McKenzie, the faithful old Scotchman, whose life is contrasted with that of the pessimistic hero and fore-ordained suicide, has a very unnatural way of beginning his remarks in broken English and then falling into very good English. A superficial

* "A Little Maid of Acadie." By Marian C. L. Reeves. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

† "Stray Leaves from Newport." By Esther Gracie Wheeler. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

‡ "The Story of Jewad." A romance. By Aziz Eferdi, the Cretan. Translated from the Turkish by E. J. W. Gibb, M. R. A. S. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

§ "Stubble or Wheat? A Story of More Lives Than One." By S. Bayard Dod. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

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survey of the respective merits of leading American colleges adds nothing to the author's reputation for profundity. The book is not lacking in good points, but the writer has many crudities of style to overcome before he will be classed with the best story-writers.

VII.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO COMPILE into a few volumes all that is good of many books is an undertaking which many able men may wisely shrink from, and yet this very task has been accomplished by Mr. Stedman and his co-laborers. The "Library of American Literature"* stands, and will stand, pre-eminent among its fellows. It is the one successful compilation of the age.

It is a pleasure to praise a good book when such a work is found among the many trashy volumes put forth to-day by the publishing houses; and it is not very often that the REVIEW is called upon to do so, but in this case it is both a pleasure and a privilege to taste of the literary feast which Mr. Stedman has invited us to. His name was, of course, a guarantee that what he provided for our mental delectation would be excellent; but in the "Library of American Literature" he has set forth a mental feast unparalleled in its completeness and its excellence. The ten volumes of which the series is composed are, and will be, invaluable to those who have not a remarkably well-equipped public library near at hand. Abounding in American incident, rich in literary merit, redundant in historic lore, permeated throughout with that spirit which has made these United States a nation—no books can be so wisely and safely placed in the hands of our youth as these. They amuse while they instruct. They teach while they entertain. They are *good*, *very* good.

Mr. Edmund Pendleton's story, "A Virginia Inheritance,"† is a readable, well written affair, but not entitled to rank above the average holiday novel. The scene is laid partly in New York City and partly in Virginia, and the leading characters are a city lawyer of good social standing, the members of an old Virginian family, a hot-headed youth from the same State, and sundry people moving in fashionable circles. By the terms of a will the Virginians are threatened with the loss of their old home, which passes to a city cousin, who engages the lawyer to conduct negotiations. The oldest daughter of the house is a charming girl, strong-minded, but ingenuous and captivating, and the lawyer finds himself face to face with a very complicated problem. The ways of sleepy, delightful old Virginia and of New York, in some of her social and commercial aspects, are faithfully delineated. The "old general" is a good study. The author evidently writes from careful observation.

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. reproduce in translation a series of the works of Victor Hugo, of which we have received copies of "Toilers of the Sea," "Notre Dame de Paris," "By Order of the King," "History of a Crime" and "Ninety-three." The translations seem to have been done with care, and although it is obviously impossible to reproduce the exact idioms and to convey the entire meaning of the author in any translation, yet as a whole and without stopping to discriminate between

* "A Library of American Literature," compiled and edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman, and Ellen Mackay Hutchinson. Charles L. Webster & Co.

† "A Virginia Inheritance." A novel. By Edmund Pendleton. D. Appleton & Co.

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the merits of the several translations, the work may be pronounced excellent. Thousands who have never read a line of Victor Hugo's writings will thus be brought into communion with that impetuous and gifted man.

Mr. Henry James's novel, "The Reverberator,"* deals with certain phases of Parisian social life, as experienced by an American family, and also with some peculiarities of society journalism. It strikes us as rather dull and commonplace.

"The Elect Lady,"† by Dr. George MacDonald, is not entitled as a story to much remark. The character-sketching is good, but there is an absence of anything that appeals strongly to the imagination of curiosity, and the interest is sustained with difficulty. The scene is laid in Scotland and the people are all Scotch. The author's puritanism is reflected in the rather austere pietism of the leading personages. Such people as Andrew Ingram doubtless do exist and are subject to like passions and emotions as ordinary mortals, and though they live in a world of mysticism, into which few are privileged to enter, they are yet not without their admirable qualities, and in many things may be studied with advantage. Andrew Ingram is a man without a moral feeling, and with original ideas about religion, which bring him into a passive kind of antagonism with the hypocrisies and inconsistencies of conventional churchism. Such men sometimes win the deathless devotion of women of a peculiar temperament. The purpose of the writer seems to be to show how this may happen and how people of high moral ideals do their love-making.

The scene of the little story "Ninette"‡ is laid in Provence, and the story itself illustrates some of the manners and customs of the peasantry of that interesting region. Otherwise there is not much to be said about it. Ninette is a pretty type of a French farmer's daughter, born to early poverty and hardship, and persecuted by a virago of a mother-in-law and a middle-aged suitor, who is the villain of the plot. How she emerges from her troubles and how life runs along among these lowly people form together the backbone of the sketch.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

T. Y. Crowell & Co.

History of a Crime. Victor Hugo. Translated from the French by Huntington Smith. 2 vols.

By Order of the King. Victor Hugo. Translated from the French by Isabel Hapgood. 2 vols.

The Captain's Dog. A Story for Young and Old. Written in French by Louis Enault. Done into English by Huntington Smith. Illustrated.

A. Lovell & Co.

Inductive Language Lessons. Elementary Grammar and Composition, etc. Harris R. Greene, A.M.

Astronomy Note Book, for High Schools, Academies and Colleges. Marion L. Berneike, M.D.

* "The Reverberator." By Henry James. Macmillan & Co.
† "The Elect Lady." By George McDonald. D. Appleton & Co.
‡ "Ninette." An Idyll of Provence. D. Appleton & Co.

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J. B. Lippincott Co.

Book of Day Dreams. Charles Leonard Moore.

Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

Spirit and Life. Thoughts for To-day. Amory H. Bradford, D.D.

Charles Scribner's Sons.

Citizen's Atlas of American Politics. 1789–1888. A Series of Colored Maps and Charts Fletcher W. Hewes.

Amos Kilbright; His Adscititious Experiences. With other stories. Frank R. Stockton.

The Five Talents of Woman. By the Author of How to be Happy.

Men and Measures of Half a Century. Sketches and Comments. Hugh McCulloch.

Cassell & Co.

Autrefois. Tales of Old New Orleans and Elsewhere. James A. Harrison.

Principles of the Economic Philosophy of Society, Government and Industry. Van Buren Denslow, LL.D.

A. S. Barnes & Co.

Illustrated Commentary on the Romans. Rev. Lyman Abbott.

D. Appleton & Co.

A History of Charles the Great (Charlemagne). J. I. Mombert, D.D.

The Advance Guard of Western Civilization. James R. Gilmore (Edmund Kirke).

Riverside Press.

Monadnoc, and other Sketches in Verse. J. E. Nesmith.

Lee & Shepard.

Up the North Branch, or a Summer's Outing. Capt. Charles A. J. Farrar.

Broken Lights. An inquiry into the present condition and future prospects of religious faith. Frances Power Cobbe.

Religious Duty. Frances Power Cobbe.

Fireside Saints: Mr. Caudle's Breakfast Talk, and other papers. Douglas Jerrold. Now first collected.

The Wishing Cap Papers. Leigh Hunt. Now first collected.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Essays on Practical Politics. Theodore Roosevelt.

The Tariff and its Evils; or, Protection which does not Protect. John H. Allen.

J. D. Barber, Nashville, Tenn.

Christian Womanhood. Rev. W. C. Black, D.D.

Ticknor & Co.

The Recollections of a Drummer Boy. Harry M. Kieffer. Illustrated.

Wm. L. Allison.

The Western Wanderer. Ombra. Richard P. Parrish.

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